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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



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Max F. Klepper

THE RUNAWAY

THE MOUNTED POLICE OF NEW YORK, ESPECIALLY THOSE DETAILED FOR PARK DUTY, ARE THE BEST RIDERS AND POSSESS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SADDLE HORSES IN AMERICA. CATCHING RUNAWAYS IS TO THEM A PASTIME AND ALMOST A DAILY OCCURRENCE

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY MAX F. KLEPPER

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NEW YORK MAY SIXTH 1899

SOME FACTS ABOUT SAMOA

JUST AT THIS TIME, when a tripartite commission has been sent to Apia for the purpose of regulating the affairs of the Samoan Islands, it is worth while to review the data concerning the political, social and industrial conditions of the archipelago, which were collected by the American Consul-General, James H. Mulligan, and which have been published by our State Department. In view of the unique fact that the United States are involved with foreign governments in the administration of Samoa, that we have expended a large sum of money in the execution of our assumed trust, and that we are bound to discharge our obligations to the treaty powers, the situation and prospects of the Samoans cannot fail to be of interest to the American people.

Let us look, first, at the fundamental conditions of successful agriculture; soil and labor. Samoa, the collective term now applied to the Navigators' group of the old geographers, comprises some fourteen islands and islets, of which four are of a considerable size. They lie south of the equator, between the thirteenth and fifteenth parallels, and between the one hundred and sixty-eighth and one hundred and seventy-third degrees of longitude west from Greenwich. Upolu, which contains the town of Apia, the single port of entry, is forty miles in length, by fifteen in breadth; Savaii, which is rugged, mountainous and stony, is forty-five miles long by twenty-five broad; Tutuila, which contains the harbor of Pago-Pago, is seventeen miles in length, and has a breadth of five miles, while Tau, the next largest, is six miles in length by about four and a half in width. The whole archipelago comprises a territory larger than the State of Rhode Island by only fifty square miles, and, of really good soil, it possesses less than is included in any one of at least a thousand counties in the United States. Cultivated land in Samoa is understood to be that planted with fruit-trees, or nut-bearing trees, or with bananas. Aside from the area devoted to these products, the acreage otherwise planted or farmed is too insignificant to be taken into account. Not only is the soil of Upolu the best, but there is a much larger proportion of it suitable for cultivation than is the case in any other member of the group. It is for this reason, doubtless, that, while but second in point of size, it has supported a larger population and has been always regarded as the principal island. Samoa has no future before it, except what is to be found in agriculture, and according to Consul-General Mulligan, the prospects of agricultural development are slight. The soil admits of no cultivation, save laboriously by hand tools. The pick, spade, crowbar and grubbing-hoe are the instruments of industry. The clearing of the soil from the indigenous forest growths requires much labor and great expense. Lands, once cleared, must be continuously freed from the young trees and vines that spring up spontaneously from the old roots. The native grass is worthless, and appears more like a weed than a true grass, as it is very short, and bears a sharp spine or small thistle. Buffalo, Johnston and orchard grass have been introduced with varying results; apparently, the first-named has given the most satisfaction. It has been planted largely for pasturage in the German plantations. Cattle are not found to thrive upon it, however, and, as it appears to injure the coconut trees in the land where it is grown, it may have to be eradicated. The attempts to cultivate tea, coffee, tobacco, sugar and rice have proved abortive, and the single exportable staple, upon which the trade of Samoa rests, is the coconut, or rather, the dried fruit thereof, which is commercially known as copra. Were the coconut crop an absolute

failure for a single year, the entire volume of Samoan exports would not amount to more than \$6,000. It is generally estimated that an acre of land should yield, when the trees have reached the period of full bearing, about half a ton of commercial copra. Green copra, fairly dried, but liable to much shrinkage, has been, for some years, worth 1½ cents a pound, when bought from natives; that is to say, an acre ought to yield \$13.75 per year. But, as a matter of fact, the income per acre seldom exceeds \$12. It is well known that copra yields a greater percentage of oil than any other of the great oil-producing staples, under the modern process whereby it is mixed with water, heated, and subjected to two pressings giving as high as 62 and 64 per cent of pure oil. The increase in the American consumption of copra is noteworthy. None was shipped to the United States in 1891 or 1892. In the following year, the value of the copra shipped to San Francisco amounted to \$1,259; for the year ending June 30, 1895, it was \$45,486. The largest single producer, as well as shipper of copra in Samoa, or, indeed, in the South Seas, is the German firm which has succeeded to the great properties and business of Godeffroy & Son, the Hamburg house which became bankrupt through unfortunate speculations in Westphalia coal mines and other ventures. The existing German firm conducts three plantations, all devoted to coconuts, save the remnants of such unsuccessful ventures in coffee and cotton-planting as survive. All of these plantations are in Upolu. A fourth plantation was, many years ago, set out on the larger island of Savaii, but has been since abandoned, the stunted character of the trees disclosing the fact that the soil was too poor to grow coconuts. The copra crop of Samoa in 1895 amounted to 6,214 tons. The German firm estimates that, of this total, some 2,000 tons were grown on its own plantations, while it shipped much the larger part of the crop grown elsewhere in the group. That is to say, three plantations, comprising collectively 8,200 acres, yield nearly one-third of all the exports of the islands, all the remainder of the 832,000 acres, the supposed total superficies of Samoa, producing but little over twice as much.

The restricted agricultural capabilities of Samoa are due not only to the character of most of the soil, but, also, to the difficulty of securing labor. The native Samoan will not work; this has been so thoroughly demonstrated during half a century of white occupation that he is never thought of in connection with the subject. No branch of the human family surpasses him in indolence. There is, indeed, no reason why he should labor. All the simple food he relishes comes to his hands spontaneously, or nearly so. He uses no clothing, or next to none. There is no season of severity or scarcity to be provided against; he needs but the merest shelter from the rains, and this the tropic vegetation around him supplies, needing merely to be put together and in position. Each Samoan is a member of a common family; all things, subject to slight modifications, are held in common. Under such a simple social system, and under such natural conditions, there is no motive for thrift, no reason for accumulation. To be provident is only the better to serve the improvident. It follows from what we have just said that all labor employed in Samoa is, necessarily, contract labor, or, in other words, slave labor in all but name. The workmen who are imported by traders, commonly called "black-birders," are "recruited," as the term goes, from the Gilberts, the Solomons, New Britain and other island groups of the Western Pacific, peopled by the Melesian and Papuan types. The "black-bird" is paid so much a head for each man or woman procured. The recruited or kidnapped laborers are usually boys just grown. They are of low stature, spare to emaciation, but, while frail-looking, are capable of great endurance, and are readily trained to the rude and severe labor they are made to perform. They are engaged for a period of three years, at \$30 or \$36 a year, and, in addition to some articles furnished during their stay, are paid off at the time of their departure with a wooden box and a few articles of petty merchandise of a character and color apt to tempt their taste. Every argument, worn to shreds for the purpose of excusing slavery when it existed in the United States, is brought to the support of this labor system as it is now practiced in Samoa. On the plantations, a jail is ready for the confinement of the refractory, while the manacle and the lash are resorted to as occasion may suggest, or the temper of the individual employer may determine. It is Consul-General Mulligan's opinion that slavery, as it existed in the United States before the civil war, was possessed of more ameliorating conditions than is the same institution recognized and fostered in Samoa under another name and guise. Such is the institution upon which rests the labor fabric of the islands. So long as it is upheld, so long as the United States continue to occupy their present relation to a compact by which that institution is sustained, it is hard to discover how we can escape a share of whatever responsibility it may impose. The best that can be said in favor of the institution is that the "black boys" are of the most degraded Polynesian type.

It is Consul-General Mulligan's opinion that the existing tripartite treaty between the United States, Great Britain and Germany should be abrogated. He contends that the abrogation of the treaty would involve the surrender of nothing substantial on the part of the United States. All the rights we have would remain secured to us by prior conventions.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHAMP DE MARS

PREPARING FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION

(Photographs by our Special Correspondent, V. Gribayedoff)

WHATEVER HARM the interminable "Affaire Dreyfus" may have done to commerce and industry in France, it cannot truthfully be said that it has impeded the progress of the work on the coming Exposition. This colossal enterprise, far from being behind on the original calculations, is actually ahead in several of its most important features—notably as regards the masonry of the two Fine Arts palaces on the Champs Elysées. The time is not far off when both will be completed; for, as shown by the accompanying photographs, the smaller building is already being roofed, while the other has attained a respectable height.

The Alexander III. bridge and the Esplanade des Invalides are also scenes of the greatest activity. The bridge, a marvellous piece of engineering, has all its steel arches in position with one exception. The four pylons, two at each end, are completed, as far as the heavy stone work is concerned, and all that remains to be done is the sculptural ornamentation, for which purpose special workshops have been constructed at the foot of each pillar.

The Esplanade des Invalides is literally covered with a network of iron scaffolds bewildering to the eye and mind, and offering no suggestion whatever of the artistic treat this spot reserves for us later. Equally confusing is the present aspect of the Champ de Mars. As the reader will see, it is the skeleton of the great enterprise which has so far been conjured into form. Bone, flesh and sinew are still to be added, and this will be the work of the next few months.

While the French section is thus progressing with promise, the foreigners, including our own countrymen, have as yet made no appreciable beginning.

To be sure, special commissioners have been appointed by the Governors of our various States to serve under Commissioner-General Peck, the last one to be named being Mrs. Harrison McKee, Governor Roosevelt's choice for the State of New York. Few of them, however, have as yet made a start for Europe.

Much valuable time has been lost over the selection of a suitable model for the American statue of General Lafayette which is to be presented to the Republic of France by the Republic of the United States. After the municipal authorities of Paris had designated a certain part of the Garden of the Louvre for this statue, and after the American commissioners had made overtures to American sculptors to submit their designs for the monument, the project hung fire. First, because it was discovered that the sculptor whose design found

most favor in the eyes of the commissioners was not a native-born American. Next, after two true-blue Yankees had been associated with him as fellow-workers—by way of concession—this international triumvirate of artists could not come to any working agreement among themselves. At last the three

ceremonies of the Exposition has been practically assured.

Another more general cause for delay was the dilatoriness of Congress in voting the necessary appropriations for the American section of the Exposition. Now that this difficulty has been obviated, Colonel Chaillé-Long, in charge of foreign interests at the Fair, has been notified by Commissioner Peck that the long expected array of American artists and artisans are ready to be put to work at the shortest notice.

Colonel Chaillé-Long is the French Commissioner who has undertaken to bring to completion that part of the Exposition which is to represent Colonial Settlements. For the American part of this feature the assistance of Colonel Cody, with his Wild West exhibition, has already been secured. As at the Exposition of 1889, South America will be largely represented. There will also be a conglomeration of Oriental show villages, where the native manners and customs of remote races will be shown amid the characteristic foliage of the tropics. Thus, space has already been reserved for a large settlement of Egyptian Fellahs, to be flanked on either side by similar native exhibits from French Tunis and Algiers. Near the Trocadero, on the Seine, will be moored two Japanese flower boats, where real Geishas will sing and dance and otherwise entertain their guests after the manner of Japanese flower girls.

Most of these exhibits, however, are but promises of what the future will surely hold. Other schemes, such as a projected hole in the ground two miles deep, or a bicycle made of Ferris wheels, have relapsed into the realm of relegated freaks.

The only thing of the kind that has assumed definite shape, so far, is the huge upright carrousel erected by an Anglo-American syndicate in anticipation of the Exposition. This wheel is of a size or two larger than the famous Ferris Wheel of the World's Fair, and now looms up over the city as ugly and gigantic as its former rival, the Eiffel Tower.

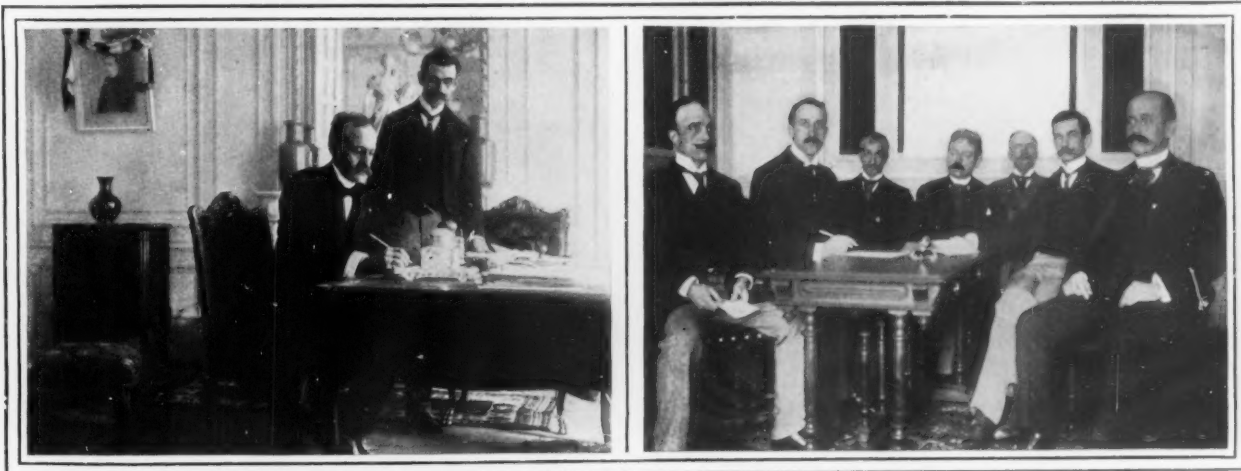
By night, when the outlines of its sub-structure are lost in the darkness, there springs into view an immense arc of countless incandescent lights, and the wheel then appears almost like some strange circular constellation of stars rising over the horizon.

Yet this is only the first of the great popular attractions which have been promised for the coming Exposition that is to usher in the Twentieth Century.



THE AMERICAN COMMISSION BUILDING

sculptors cut the Gordian knot by separately resubmitting new designs for the monument, with the result that an equestrian statue of Lafayette in the uniform of the American Revolution has at last been accepted by the jury of American artists who were intrusted with the selection or rejection of all designs submitted to the commission. So this important feature of the opening

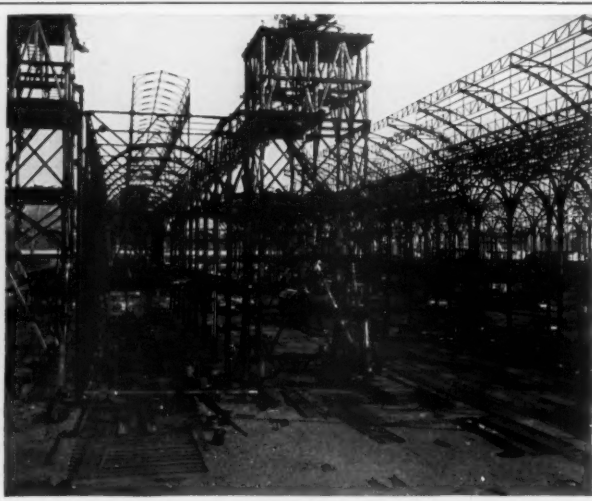


COMMISSIONER PECK IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE

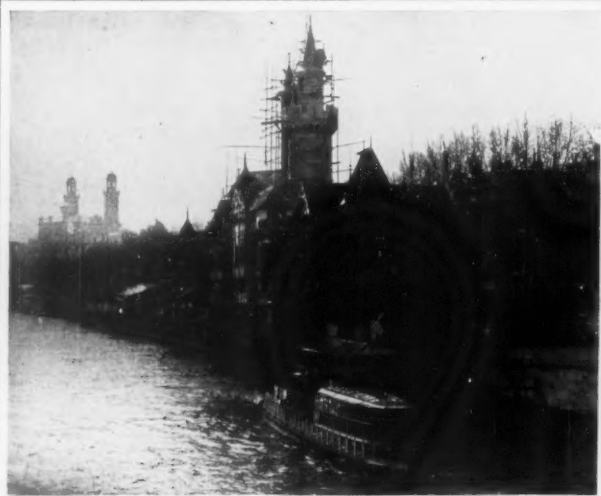
STAFF OF COMMISSIONER PECK, IN THE COUNCIL-ROOM



LAYING THE ROOF OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS BUILDING,
CHAMP DE MARS



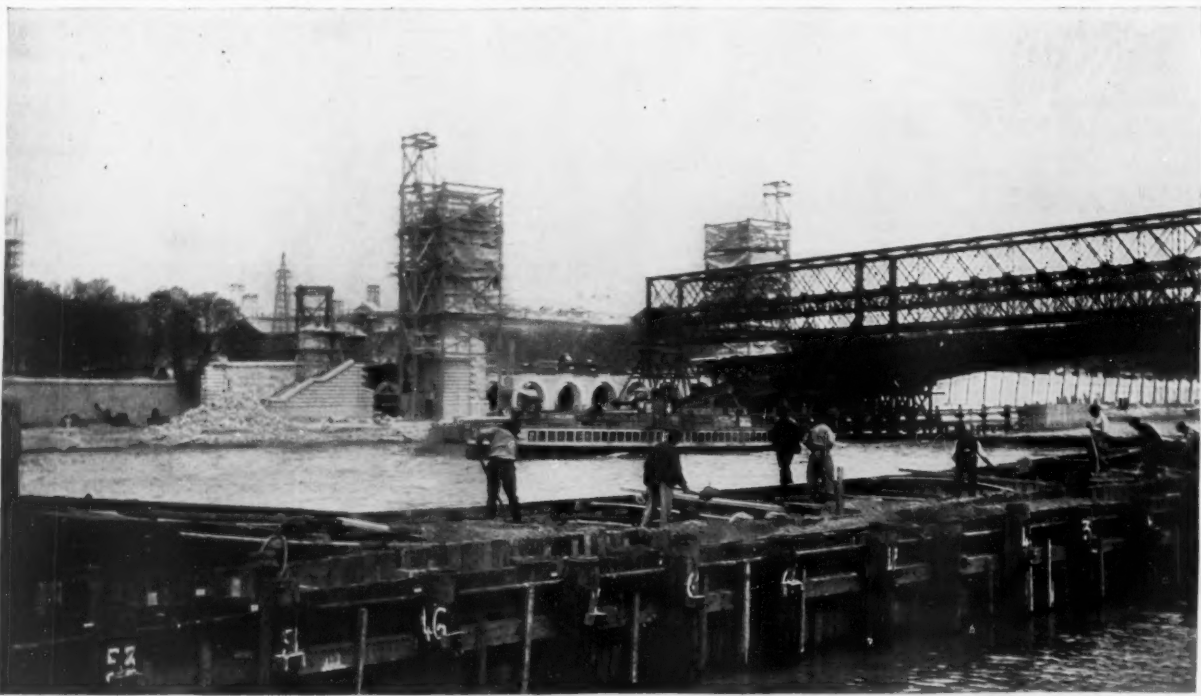
SKELETON IRONWORK OF THE PALACES ON THE
CHAMP DE MARS



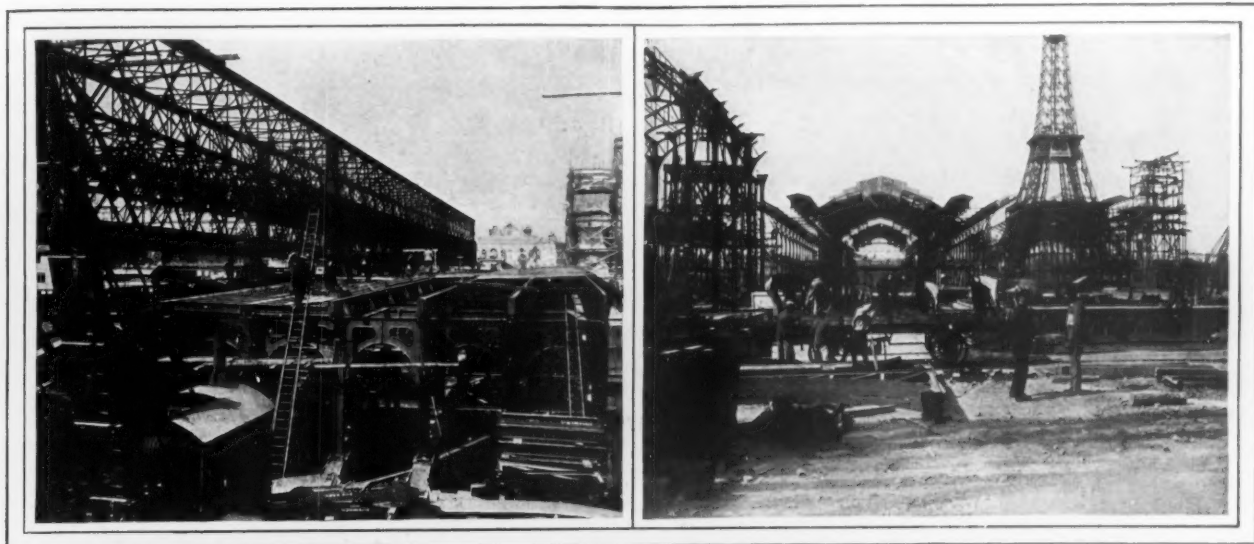
THE VIEUX PARIS—THE EXPOSITION BUILDING FURTHEST
ADVANCED IN CONSTRUCTION



THE GRAND PALAIS, CHAMPS ELYSEES, ALEXANDER III.
BRIDGE CAISSONS IN THE BACKGROUND



WIDENING THE SEINE NEAR THE ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE, TO MAKE ROOM FOR EXPOSITION BUILDINGS
CONSTRUCTING THE BUILDINGS FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900



THE IRON FRAMEWORK OF THE ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE

IRON WORKERS ON THE CHAMP DE MARS



MAKING THE MODELS OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS

CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL OF THE GRAND PALAIS

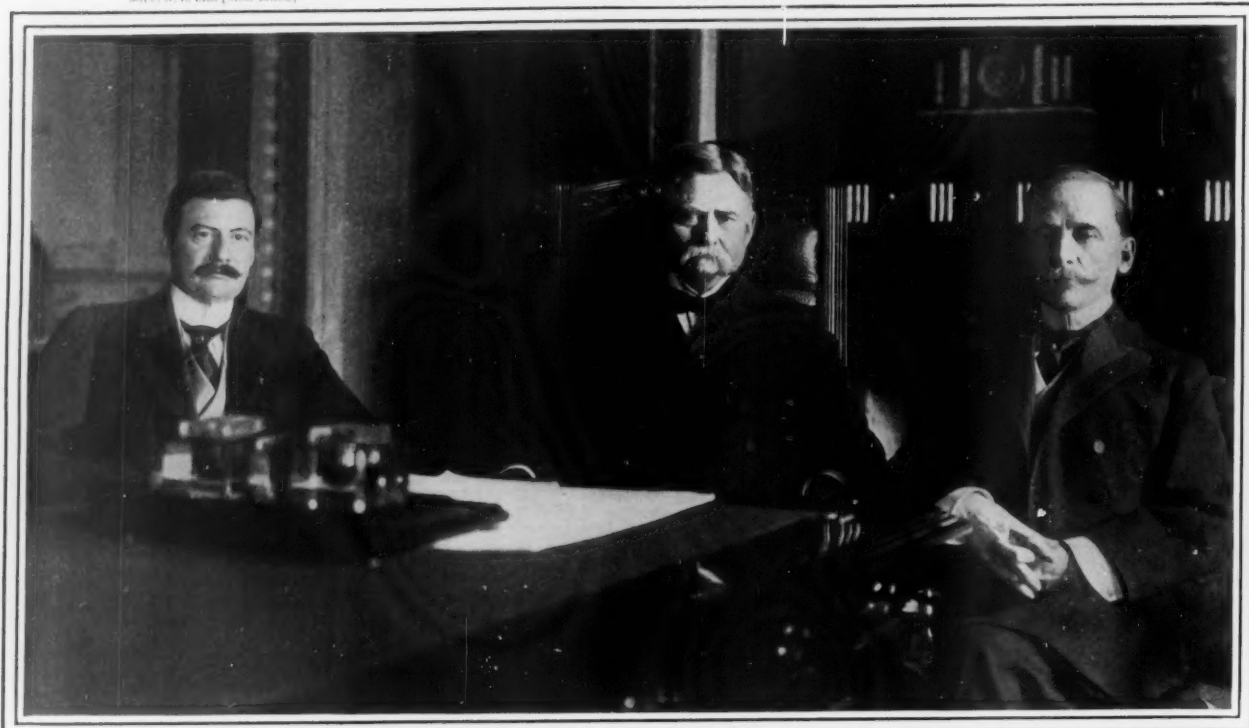


ROOFING THE PETIT PALAIS, THE INVALIDES IN THE DISTANCE
CONSTRUCTING THE BUILDINGS FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

Mr. C. N. E. Eliot [Great Britain]

Mr. Partlett Tripp [United States]

Baron Speck von Sternberg [Germany]



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THE SAMOAN COMMISSION

The three members of the Samoan Commission, representing the powers interested in the Berlin Treaty, who will assume control of the Government of Samoa and settle the controversy which caused the revolt of the Islanders

THE OREGON AT GUAM

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, March 18, 1899

THE VOYAGE of the Oregon from Honolulu to Guam was decidedly uninteresting; not a sail was sighted, nor was one of the reefs or shoals with which the early navigators dotted these seas found, although a constant outlook was kept and frequent soundings taken. It was one vast waste of water—dark blue, light blue, or creamy white, as rain squalls, patches of sunlight and brisk trade winds colored it.

All were anxious to get on and be of service in the Philippines; and yet it was hoped that matters there would be already adjusted; for in peace rest and comfort may be found, and the Oregon has had little of either during the past year. Moreover, the draught of the ship is so great that she would be unable to take an active part in inshore work; that would naturally fall to the smaller vessels.

The short stop at Guam to coal from the Iris was the one bit of interest in the entire voyage from Honolulu to Manila.

On the morning of March 10, after circling the northern end of the island, Port San Luis d'Apra was approached from the westward. To the north and south the island was hidden behind the silvery mist of rain squalls through which the rising sun shone weakly; but straight ahead, sharp and distinct, rose Point Oroté, a black promontory, with perpendicular sides, facing the harbor on the south. To the left of the point lay the narrow entrance, and then the curving barrier reef which, with Cabras Island, forms the north and west sides of the bay. As the sun rose higher, the sides of Oroté were seen to bear a close resemblance to the Palisades of the Hudson, but they were crowned with a tropical verdure so luxuriant it overhung the crags and poured in green cascades down the clefts and gulches. Even the vertical walls of rock were tinted green like the moss-grown masonry of some vast fortification. Steaming closer, tripod signals, marking angles and channel ranges, showed that the Bennington had started a preliminary survey, but she herself had gone on her way to Manila.

At the very edge of the highest cliff stood an old stone fort, and on its face was marked, in giant letters of whitewash, U.S.S. B—; evidently it had been the desire of the signal party that the visit of their ship should not be forgotten; but their work had been stopped as soon as discovered, and the legend may never be completed.

Below the fort was a tiny cove lined with a strip of white sand, then a fringe of coconut palms; and in the midst of the jungle beyond the gray thatch of a hut. There was a group of natives on the beach. They were not overdressed. One woman, however, wore a brilliant red petticoat that gave the group a pleasing contrast of color.

Straight ahead lay the low brown fort of Santa Cruz, built on a rock level with the water; and beyond it thick foliage along the beach, above which rose grassy

hills, with trees fringing the gulches and water-courses.

Guam is the largest of the Marianas, or Ladrões, a chain of fifteen islands stretching in a north and south line for about five hundred miles, and covering the same parallels of latitude as the island of Luzon in the Philippines. It is about twenty-seven miles long, and from five to eight miles wide. In default of an actual census, it is difficult to arrive at the population, as the natives are notoriously inexact in estimations of any description. It is probable, however, that there are fully nine thousand on the island of Guam alone, and considerably less than one thousand on all the other islands taken together. Only three of the smaller islands are inhabited; several are accessible only in the smoothest weather by ship's boats, and none of them but Guam has anything more than an exposed anchorage for small vessels. Three of them are said to be leased from the Spanish government by agents residing in Agaña, who have parties of natives from Guam on them engaged in collecting copra. The sailing directions state disinterestedly that "treasure is supposed to be concealed on Pagan Island." Evidently Captain Glass thought that more wealth was to be found in tilling fertile soil than in digging for treasure, so he made good his hold on Guam, and gave barren, smoking Pagan the go-by. However, the Marianas, without Guam, are of little account. They are the natural dependencies of the larger island, and whatever power may be their nominal owner, they must rely on Guam for their supplies. There are no Spanish officials at present on any of these islands.

Perhaps few people ever see the name Ladrões on their map of Micronesia without thinking of pirate junks, Malay krisses, and a fierce people, whose sole occupation in life and object in living is the taking of things that do not belong to them. This is most unjust to these nine or ten thousand simple islanders. It is true that there were thieves there, but Captain Glass took away the principal ones in the Charleston. Consider the situation three hundred and seventy-eight years ago when Magelhaens discovered Guam. The wants of the natives were so few and so bountifully met by nature that the Spaniards claim to have even taught them the use of fire. They formed a little commune in which every one shared with his neighbor—there were no exponents of the Apostles there yet. Still "distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." It was as if they had not yet tasted of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. What they wanted they took from each other, and there was no thought of exacting repayment on a certain or any date; that might or might not follow as circumstances arose. There was no such thing then as the three days of grace; nor, for that matter, of three hundred and three; but all of the seventy times seven quittances the Master taught. Captain Magelhaens had several ships, and each carried a number of boats; the natives took only one. Probably they thought he had more than he wanted, or that they needed it more than he did. The historian is silent as to the circumstances which might easily admit of further extenuation. However, Magelhaens landed a large party of men, and, after killing a number of the natives, recovered the boat. Consider-

ing the occupation of the Spanish conquistadores, it seems hard that Legaspi should call these islanders thieves.

Nearly one hundred and fifty years after, Maria Anna of Austria, widow of Philip IV. of Spain, established a mission in the islands, and supported it with a pension from her private purse. The Spaniards thereupon changed the name of the islands to that of Marianas in her honor. Geographers have continued, however, to print over the group, The Ladrões or Marianas. It now seems timely for the United States Board on Geographical Names to remove officially, at one and the same time, the stigma from the islanders, and the implied reflection on the honesty of a devout and charitable lady.

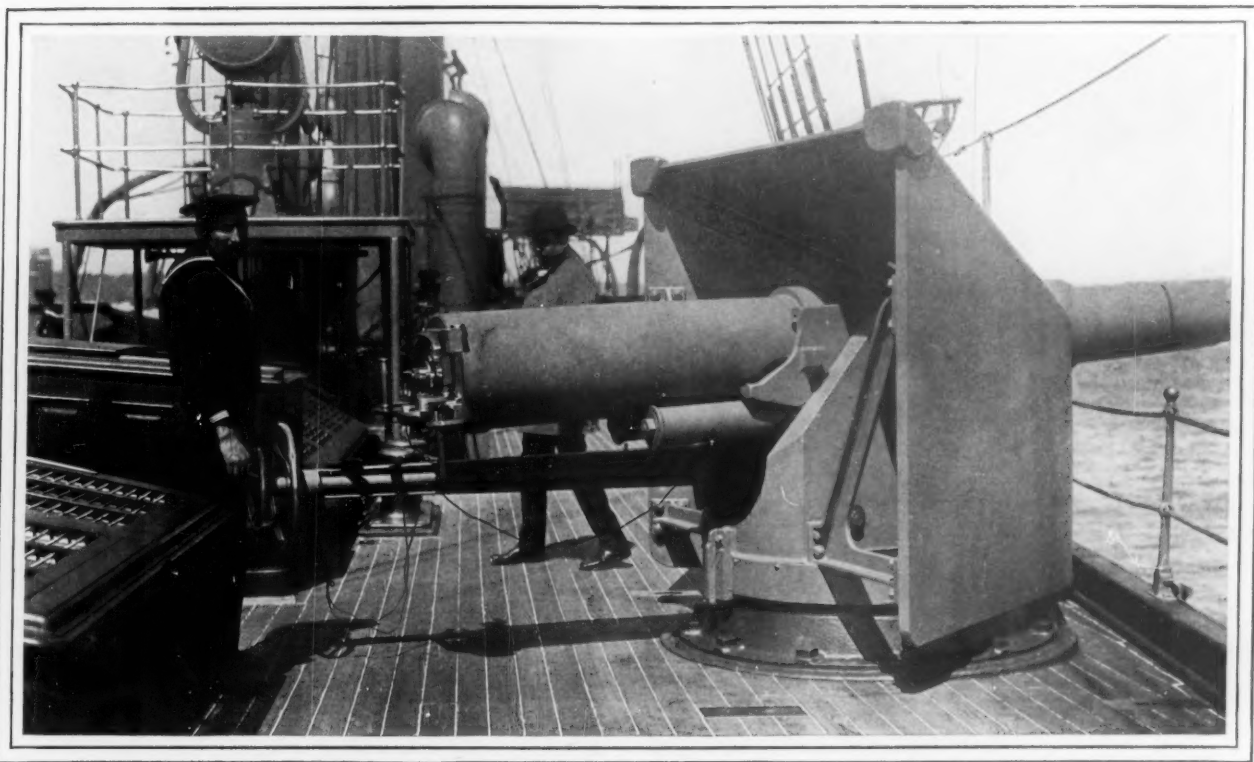
What the future of Guam is to be can as yet hardly be prophesied. No artesian wells have been driven, and upon their successful application the proper irrigation of much of the land must depend. The soil is fertile, and is composed of a disintegrated volcanic rock, apparently somewhat similar to that on the island of Oahu. At present excellent coffee, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes and rice are raised, but only for consumption in the island. Pineapples, watermelons, bananas, oranges, limes, cherimoyas, mangoes and breadfruit are also grown. The limes are most fragrant, and, probably through being crossed with the lemon, remind one somewhat of the famous Bonnie Brae limes of San Diego, Cal. There is said to be an abundance of game on the island, and a number of deer's antlers were brought off for sale.

The Mexican dollar is the current medium of exchange. Captain Taussig of the Bennington, on his arrival, directed that one United States silver dollar should pass as the equivalent of two Mexican dollars. The natives accept this rate of exchange without demur—provided the United States dollar is bright. Doubtless they think it odd that they should give two silver dollars for one; and when that one is lead color it is plainly asking too much. Their ideas of money and its value are still primitive. One of the Oregon's stewards paid three dollars in gold for a dozen fowls; but another obtained twenty, a live pig and a bag of coconuts in addition, from the same native for an old blanket and a Mexican dollar. Another native had a number of pretty shells for sale. He refused money. What he wanted, strange to say, was writing paper.

There is a considerable number of cattle on the island; but as they were heavily taxed by the Spaniards, who also fixed the price at which they should be sold at a very low figure, the natives made no effort to increase their number—in fact, regarded them as a certain expense and an uncertain source of income. Now, however, they have been told that they will not be required to sell at a lower price than they demand, and in consequence are allowing the herds to increase.

At present Agaña is governed by an acting mayor; there is also an administrator, or custodian and disburser of taxes, and an assessor. What they all profess to want, however, is a real American governor, who will be their judge and protector, and tie them fast to the Great Republic.

A. A. ACKERMAN, LIEUT. U.S.N.



PICTURE BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

THE FIRST GUN FIRED AT MANILA

The above photograph represents the after starboard 5-inch gun on the cruiser Raleigh which discharged the first shot at Montojo's fleet in the battle of Manila Bay. J. S. Skow, the sailor who fired the piece, is shown in left of picture.

LONDON LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

LONDON, April 10, 1899

THE OLD PRINCESS'S THEATRE in Oxford Street has now become as much a "home" of melodrama as Covent Garden itself. But there is a difference: plays at the latter establishment are more elaborately treated, and stagecraft there creates triumphs beyond which paint, canvas and carpentry would find it hard to go. Still, "Woman and Wine" has been brought out at the Princess's, of late, with much embellishing skill. It is an adaptation from the French, and yet it produces the odd effect of being more like a French adaptation from the English, translated to please London spectators. Any attempt to judge it from the standard of art falls instantly flat, although the melodrama does not itself fall flat, despite its incessant coarseness of theatricalism. Now and then it touches one with the actual *cri du cœur*; again it distresses, even disgusts, with its twistings of nature and truth into the most unauthentic scrollworks of parody. Nowhere, I think, is melodrama so well done as in London. The French manufacture it better, but the British perform it better. The French are too emotional for it; they rant so, at their Porte St. Martin and other similar if less renowned temples, that passions are not merely torn into tatters, but filaments and fringes besides. The British go to work more calmly; they haven't the mimetic vividness of their cousins, but they have, as a rule, excellent managerial drilling and the grace of self-control. This does not always tell with them in finer plays, but it tells in plays where sensationalism crouches for its chance to rave and strut. It tells in a composition like "Woman and Wine." Here the story is lurid and hectic. Dick Seymour is the young son of an English artist, whose ward has become his sweetheart. He loves Mary Andrews, but is lured from her to Paris by Marcelle Rigadout, the most detestable type of French adventuress, who has learned that he will soon become possessed of a legacy which she desires to help him spend. He is made, in a very conventional way, to believe that Mary is false to him, and he goes across the Channel with Marcelle and plunges into follies of the usual vinous and horse-racing kind. Mary and her guardian (Dick's father) appear in Paris while he is squandering his final francs at Longchamps. They appear also at Longchamps itself, just before a particular race occurs by whose results Dick will either be ruined or enriched. Mary has become a flower-girl in the Parisian streets, and the parent of her shockingly faithless lover accompanies her everywhere, in a condition of total blindness. The elder Seymour believes his son to be in New Zealand, struggling there to achieve prosperity, and the old device of a blind man's deception is revamped with startling familiarity. Marcelle, having found the bottom of Dick's purse, deserts him for fresh pecuniary prey. She has roused, however, the rageful hate of "La Colombe" (who is described on the bills as a "démimondaine"), and ultimately there happens between herself and the other a fight with mammoth knives, in which Marcelle is stabbed to death. This hideous duel has one of the flower markets at dawn for its surroundings, whither Dick has

staggered from a ball, half-drugged by Alphonse Beaudet and "La Colombe." At the same ball we have seen these two highly disgusting persons urge Dick to kill the woman who has "ruined his life." Alphonse (a French blackguard of astonishingly life-like get-up) burns for revenge upon Marcelle because she has publicly snubbed him, and "La Colombe" foams with murderous impulses because the big, red-and-white, butterfly-cravatted Montmartre bully, whom she adores, has preferred the Englishman's wily sorceress to herself. Quite an original if rather loathsome effect is wrought by the burying of Marcelle's corpse in a box of flowers not far from the sleeping form of Dick. He awakes to find himself accused of having killed his former paramour, is arrested, tried and found guilty. Just as sentence is about to be pronounced upon him, however, "La Colombe" appears in court and confesses her own guilt. This is the bare skeleton of a story through which grisliness worse than that of a skeleton constantly protrudes. Nevertheless, there are episodes of rough yet cogent pathos and of human appeal irresistible, however clumsy. As usual, in London, the bad people were strenuously hissed by the amphitheatre. I never observe this mode of treating actors in certain of the more "popular" playhouses without a sense of how extreme is the childishness of English lower classes. Thousands of them remain to-day as simple and ignorant as they were in the reign of Anne—not to go further backward. You feel that education has somehow been compelled to pause at a certain limit, notwithstanding all its endeavors. And you feel this all the more when you meet and talk with them, since many affect you as being merely grown-up infants, though in vicious aims and ardors the maturest reverse. A creditable company deals with "Woman and Wine," if by no means a brilliant one. Mr. Charles Glenly as the erring hero merits praise, even if heroic his rôle certainly is not, but rather a monstrosity of mingled dulness, bad taste and worse morals. Miss V. St. Lawrence, though she does not act the awful callousness of Marcelle with more than passable power, has a face of bewitching beauty. Miss Essex Dane, as the martyred Mary Andrews, whose impossible fidelity is like a filigree cupola on the plum-cake icing of romanticism, departs herself with pleasing tact. "Woman and Wine" will find its way, I should hazard, to New York, and elsewhere in America as well. If it had originated there it would probably never have been played here, for its first performances would have lacked the discipline, security and refinement of handling which invest it in Oxford Street. For London, we should always remember, takes its melodrama very seriously indeed.

Easter tide brought us vernal weather, after a milder winter than London has known in scores of years. For those who cannot leave town, or who do not choose to leave town during this period, inconveniences may well be called rampant. Literally for five days (the "holidays," as they are called) you run the risk of being superbly scorned by all tradesfolk with whom you deal, from grocer to chemist, from butcher to haberdasher. Easter week is another Christmas week, and the adage that Christmas comes but once a year is by no means universal in an Anglo-Saxon sense. It comes, practically, twice a year throughout England, and there is no

hyperbole in stating that the Established Church lays quite as much stress upon the days of Crucifixion and Ascension as upon that of the Nativity. Whenever the shopkeepers of the Continent find themselves confronted with intervals of relaxation they make merry in their own towns. When this occurs in London they always go "into the country." A Londoner's idea of *désœuvrement* is always taking a train. Tailor, barber, plumber, carpenter, beware of him when Eastertides, Christmastides, or any of the hank holidays draw near. There is no promise too sacred for him then to break, and the prospect of shaking hands with his grandfather in Sussex or smoking a pipe with his brother-in-law in Kent will outweigh pledges whose solemnity would make a Fra Diavolo conscientious.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton will doubtless reap large sums from his copious, eloquent and interesting "Aylwin," which I learn that many American readers have already enjoyed. He still lives at Putney with his friend, Mr. Swinburne. The author of "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Songs Before Sunrise" writes little nowadays, and reads, as he always did, enormously. He has long possessed an income ample enough to permit of his living the ideal literary life. He rises when he chooses, takes a midday luncheon, and then starts off for a walk to Wimbledon, which is three good English miles from Putney. These walks both exhilarate and absorb him. He is sometimes in such moods of reverie while taking them that he will pass even Mr. Watts-Dunton himself without being aware of the latter's presence a few yards away. Mr. Swinburne is now in his sixty-second year. Somewhat recently he lost a sister, and a year or two ago his brother died. This brother, I learn, resembled him physically, but shared neither his poetic gifts nor cults. I am assured, indeed, on the best authority, that none of the Swinburne family have a trace of the great poet's genius, and that it has sprung, so far as concerns hereditary influence, from sources quite unexplained. His mother, Lady Eleanor Swinburne, still living, is a woman, I am told, of much culture and intelligence. She was a daughter of the late Earl of Ashburnham, and her renowned son is first-cousin of the present peer. Mr. Swinburne's present health is excellent, but he tends toward the impractical in his daily routine of life, and is incessantly guarded and guided by his devoted friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton. "Heaven knows what would happen," said to me a friend of both writers, the other day, "if Watts-Dunton should die before Swinburne did." Unfortunately Mr. Swinburne's deafness has increased during the last few years. He is still most amiable and courteous in his bearing toward old acquaintances, though he is not fond of meeting strangers. The marvellous beauty and distinction of his earlier lyric verse have made him a kind of god in the eyes of English critics, and even if nowadays his Euterpe may sometimes nod, they are charitable enough to recollect that the Clio of Homer had also a trick of somnolence. He is pronounced—and justly—a prodigy of song. Future analysts of his work will, I should say, fully indorse this verdict, and with all the more emphasis because he has achieved such surprising results within such surprising limitations.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



TYPES OF TONDO DISTRICT CHINESE, MANILA



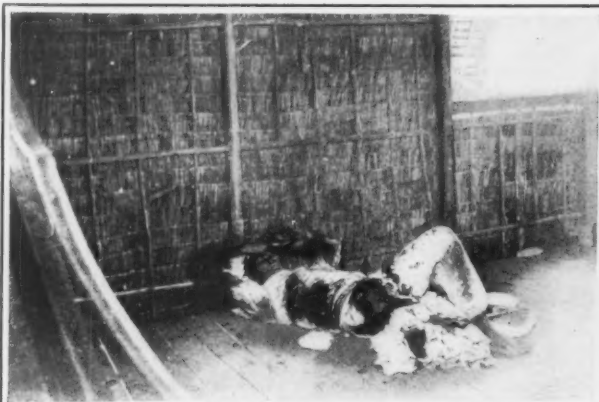
RUINS OF THE TONDO MARKET-PLACE



IN THE STOCKADE OF BILIBID PRISON



INCENDIARIES ARRESTED DURING THE TONDO FIRE



A WOUNDED FILIPINO AWAITING THE AMBULANCE



A DEAD INSURGENT, AS HE FELL IN HIS TRACKS



WOUNDED INSURGENTS BROUGHT IN BY COLORADO VOLUNTEERS



A BARBER SHOP ON THE TWENTIETH KANSAS FIRING-LINE

THE FILIPINO INSURRECTION

Scenes of the conflict in the Philippines photographed by an Officer of Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, at the front.



THE MIDDAY SIESTA IN A KANSAS TRENCH



PAYING COLORADO TROOPS ON THE FIELD



WOUNDED VOLUNTEERS IN THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS



U. S. AMBULANCE STATION AT CALOOCAN



BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED FROM CALOOCAN



THE WOUNDED WARD AT THE HOSPITAL



GRAVES OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN PACO CEMETERY, MANILA



"THE POTTER'S FIELD"—FILIPINO BONEYARD IN THE REAR OF PACO CEMETERY

THE FILIPINO INSURRECTION

Scenes of the conflict in the Philippines photographed by an Officer of Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, at the front.



DRAWN BY EMILY MCCONNELL

THE DOOR SLAMMED AND HE WAS GONE, LEAVING THE GIRL LEANING AGAINST THE CHIMNEY SIDE

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"

[Began in COLLIERS' WEEKLY January 28]
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fennes, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist. In the village tap-room a traveller, one Evatt, charges Fennes with desertion from the service of King George. Evatt meets Janice and confides to her that he is an agent of the King. Fennes secretly loves Janice. He becomes aide-de-camp to Washington, assuming the name of Brereton. The story follows the fortunes of General Washington and describes the first battles of the Revolutionary War. Janice is brought to headquarters under arrest and is protected by Fennes. The Royal army descends into New Jersey. The Continental guard abandons the Merediths, who are captured by the British Light Horse, and relieved by Evatt and the British Commanders. The officers are entertained by the Merediths. During the festivities Janice, to escape a rudeness, slips away to the stable to her favorite horse. There she finds Fennes (or Colonel Brereton). The latter, pursued by British dragoons, escapes on Janice's horse. A few days later, venturing back to see her again, he is captured by British troopers. With Janice's help he again escapes. Janice is taken to British headquarters. Washington crosses the Delaware and defeats the Hessians. The Merediths are released by Cornwallis. A force of Royalists is defeated by Continentals at Greenwood. The Meredith homestead is sacked and the outbuildings fired.

XXIX

BLUES AND REDS



THE SQUIRE STILL stood gloomily staring, now at the departing Whigs, now at the blazing barn, and now at his stable and other buildings, Clarion, who had taken a great interest in the last hour's doings, suddenly pricked up his ears and then ran forward to a snowdrift within a few yards of the burning building. Here he halted and gave vent to a series of loud yelps. Limping forward, the squire heard his name called in a faint voice, and the next instant discovered Philemon hidden in the snow. "I'm bad hurt, squire," he groaned; "but I made out to crawl from the barn." "Gadsbodikins!" exclaimed Mr. Meredith. "Why, Phil, I c'en forgot ye for the moment. Here's a

pass, indeed. And none but women and a one-legged man to help ye, now you're found."

It took the whole household to carry Philemon indoors, and as it was impossible, in the squire's legless and horseless condition, to send for aid, Mrs. Meredith became the surgeon. The wound proved to be a shoulder cut, serious only from the loss of blood it had entailed, and after it was washed and bandaged the patient was put to bed. Daylight had come by the time this had been accomplished, and the squire was a little cheered to find that the snow on the roofs of his farm buildings had prevented the sparks of the barn from igniting them.

Two days elapsed before help came to the household, and then it was in the form of Harcourt's dragoons. From Tarleton it was learned that the fugitives, on their arrival at Brunswick, asserted that Washington's whole army had attacked them, and was in full advance upon the post; news which had kept the whole force under arms for twenty-four hours, and prevented any attempt to come to the assistance of the detachment. When the major learned that eighty picked troops had been killed or captured by a hundred raw militia, his language was more picturesque than quotable. There was nothing to be done, however, and after they had vowed retaliation for the subaltern, buried the dead, and the surgeon had looked at Phil's wound and approved of Mrs. Meredith's treatment, the regiment rode back to Brunswick.

This and other like experiences served to teach the English that it was not safe to send out foraging parties, and for a time active warfare practically ceased. The Continental forces, reduced at times to less than a thousand men, were not strong enough to attack the enemy's posts, and the British, however much they might grumble over a fare of salt food, preferred it to fresher victuals, when too highly seasoned with rifle bullets.

The Merediths were somewhat better provided, Sukey's storerooms proving to have many an unransacked cupboard, while the farmers in the vicinity, however bare they had apparently been stripped, were able, when money was offered, to supply poultry, eggs, milk, and many other comforts, which through lack of stock and labor Greenwood could no longer furnish.

His wound was therefore far from an ill to the lieutenant of horse, since it not merely relieved him from the stigma of the surrender, but saved him from the privation of the poor food and cramped quarters his fellow troopers were enduring at Brunswick. Nor did he count as the least advantage the tendence that

Janice, half by volition and half by compulsion, gave him. When at last he was able to come downstairs, the days were none too long as he sat and watched her nimble fingers sew, or embroider, or work at some other of her tasks.

One drawback there was to this joy. In spite of strict orders against straggling, many a red-coated officer risked punishment for disobedience, and capture by the enemy, by sneaking through the pickets and spending long hours at Greenwood. Though Phil's service had given him much more tongue and assurance than of yore, he was still unable to cope with them; and, conscious that he cut but a poor figure to the girl when they were present, he was at times jealous and quarrelsome.

Twice he laid his anxieties and desires before the squire, and begged for an immediate wedding, but that worthy was by no means as ready as once he had been; for while convinced of the eventual success of the British, he foresaw unsettled times in the immediate future, and knew that the marriage of his girl to an officer of the English army was a pretty serious step. Yet delay was all he wished, being too honest a man to even think of breaking faith with the young fellow; and finally one evening, when he had become genial over a due, or rather undue, amount of Madeira and punch, he was won over by Philemon's earnest persuasions, and declared that the wedding should take place before the British broke up their winter quarters and marched to Philadelphia.

The next morning the squire had no remembrance of his evening's pledge, but he did not seek to cry off from it when reminded by Philemon. Mrs. Meredith was called into council, and then Janice was summoned and told of the decision.

"And now, lass, thou hast got thyself and us into more than one scrape," ended the father, "so come and give thy dad a kiss to show that thou'rt cured of thy wrong-headedness and will do as thy mother and I wish."

Without a word Janice went to her father and kissed him; then she flung her arms about his neck, buried her head in his shoulder and burst into tears.

The squire had been quite prepared for the conduct of two years previous and had steeled himself to enforce obedience, but this contrary behavior took him very much aback.

"Why, Jan," he expostulated. "That's no way to carry on when a likely young officer bespeaks ye in marriage. Many's the maid would give her left hand to—"

"But I don't love him," sobbed the girl.

"And who asked if you did, miss?" inquired her mother, who by dint of nursing Phil had become his strong partisan. "Dost mean to put thy silly whims above thy parents' judgments?"

"But you wouldn't do as your father wished, and married dadda," moaned Janice.

"A giddy, perverse child I was," retorted Mrs. Meredith, "and another art thou, to fling the misbehavior in thy mother's face."

"Nay, nay, Patsy—" began the squire, but whether he was stepping forward in defence of his wife or his daughter he was not permitted to say, for Mrs. Meredith continued:

"We'll set the wedding for next Thursday, if that suits you, Philemon?"

"You can't name a day too soon for me, marm," assented Philemon eagerly; "and as I just hear the sound of hoofs outside, 'tis likely some officers has arrived, and I'll speak ter them so's ter get word ter the chaplain, and ter my regiment. You needn't be afraid, Miss Janice, that 'twon't be done in high style. Like as not, General Grant will put the whole post under arms." In truth the lover was not at his ease, and was glad enough for an excuse which took him from the room. Nor was he less eager to announce his success to his comrades, hoping it would put an end to their attentions to his bride.

"Then ye'll do as I bid ye, Jan?" queried her father. "Yes, dadda," Janice assented dutifully, while striving to stifle her sobs. "I—I've been a—a wicked creature, I know, and now I'll do as you and mommy tell me."

"I know it," interrupted Jack, "and if you'd not come to me, I'd have burst in on them rather than have my third ride futile."

"Oh, go, please go!" begged the girl.

"Say that you forgive me," pleaded the officer, catching her hands.

"Yes, yes, anything; only go," besought Janice, as a loud laugh from the dining-room warned her anew of the peril.

Jack stooped and kissed each hand in turn, but even as he did so one of the officers in the next room bawled:

"Here's a toast to Lieutenant Hennion and his bride—hip, hip, hip, bumpers!"

Janice felt herself caught by both shoulders, with all the tenderness gone from the touch.

"What does that mean?" the aide demanded, his face very close to her own.

The girl, with bowed head, partly in shame, and partly to escape the blazing eyes which fairly burned her own, replied: "I am to marry Mr. Hennion next Thursday."

"Willingly?" burst from her questioner, as if the word were shot from a bomb.

"No."

"Then you'll do nothing of the kind," denied Brereton, with a sudden gayety of voice. "My horse is hid in the woods by the river; but say the word, and you shall be under Lady Washington's protection at Morristown before daylight."

"And what then?" questioned the girl.

"Then? Why, a marriage with me the moment ye'll give me eye."

ents, who found in it proof that she was now reconciled to their wishes. Had they been closer observers they would have noticed that several times in the course of the day it waxed or waned without apparent reason, that their daughter was singularly restless, and that any sound out of doors caused her to start and listen. Not even the getting out and trying on of her wedding gown seemed to interest her. Yet nothing occurred to break the usual monotony of the life.

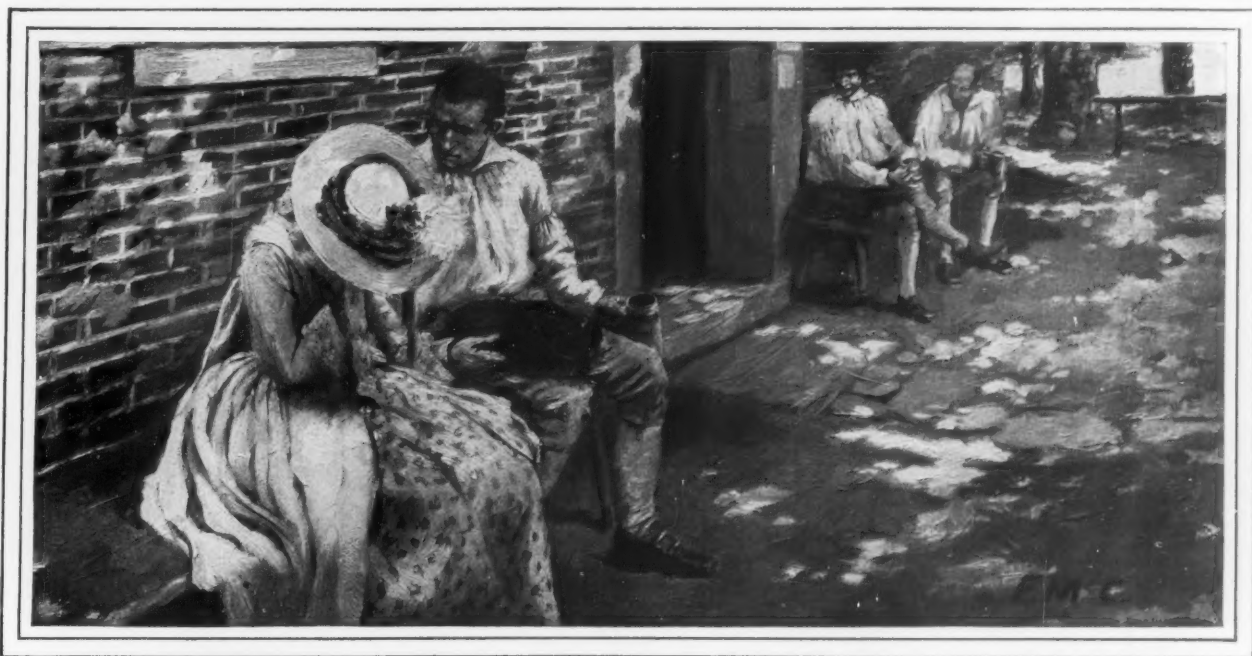
Her state of nervous expectancy on the second day was shown when the inevitable contingent of English officers arrived a little before dinner; for as they appeared without previous warning in the parlor door, Janice gave a scream, which startled Philemon, who was relying upon but two legs of his chair, into a pitch over backward, and brought the squire's gouty foot to the floor with a bump, and a wail of pain.

"Body o' me!" ejaculated one of the newcomers, "Dost take us for Satan himself, that ye greet us so?"

"Tush, man," corrected Mobray. "Miss Meredith could not see under our cloaks, and so, no doubt, thought us rebels. Who wouldn't scream at the prospect of an attack of the Continental blue devils—eh, Miss Janice?"

"Better the blue devils," retorted Janice, "than a scarlet fever."

"Hah, hah!" laughed a fellow-officer. "'Twas you got us into that, Sir Frederick. Lieutenant Hennion, thy first task after to-morrow's ceremony is plain and clear. I would that I had the suppression of this rebellion, 'stead of one which fights us with direct cold and hunger, to say nothing of the scurvy and the putrid fever."



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

WORN OUT WITH ANXIETY AND FATIGUE SHE COLLAPSED ON THE BENCH AND BEGAN TO SOB

If Philemon had been made uneasy by the girl's tears, her manner during the balance of the day did not tend to make him happier. Her sudden gravity and silence were so marked that his fellow-officers who had come to supper, and who did not know the true situation, rallied them both on Miss Meredith's loss of spirits.

"I' faith," declared Sir Frederick Mobray, moved perhaps by twinges of the little green monster, "but for the lieutenant's word I'd take my oath 'twas a funeral we were to attend, and issue orders for the casing of colors and muffling of drums. In the name of good humor, Mr. Meredith, have in the spirits, and I'll brew a punch that shall liquidate the gloom."

After one glass of the steaming drink, the ladies, as was the custom, rose to leave the room. At the door Janice was intercepted by Peg, with word that Sukey wished to advise with her anent some matter, so the maid did not follow her mother, but turned and entered the kitchen.

The cook was not in view, but as the girl realized the fact a cloaked man suddenly stepped from behind the chimney breast, and before the scream that rose to Janice's lips could escape a firm hand was laid on them. Yet, even in the moment of surprise, the girl was conscious that, press as the fingers might, there was still an element of caress in their touch.

"I seem doomed to fright you, Miss Meredith," said Brereton, "but, indeed, 'tis not intentional. Twice in the last week I've tried to gain speech of you without success, and so to-night have taken desperate means." He took his hand from her mouth. "This time I know myself safe in your hands. Ah, Miss Janice, wilt not forgive me the suspicion, for not one easy hour have I had since I knew how I had wronged you. I was sent to eastward with despatches to the New England governors, or nothing would have kept me from earlier seeking you to crave a pardon."

"You must not stay," protested Janice. "There are five—"

"But I care no more for you than I do for Mr. Hennion, and even—"

"But I'll make you love me," interrupted Jack ardently.

"And even if I did," concluded Janice, "you yourself helped to teach me what the world thinks of elopements."

"Ah, don't let—don't deny—"

"No, once for all; and release me, sir, I beg."

"Not till you swear to me that this accursed wedding is not to take place till Thursday."

"Of course not."

"And where is it to be?"

"At the church in Brunswick."

"And is the lobby with his regiment or staying here?"

"Here."

Brereton laughed gayly, and more loudly than was prudent. "A bet and a marvel," he bantered: "a barley corn to Miss Janice Meredith that the most bewitching creature in the world lacks a groom on her wedding day! I must not tarry, for 'tis thirty miles to Morristown, and three days is none too much time for what I would do. Farewell," Jack ended, once more catching her hands and kissing them. He hurriedly crossed the room, but as he laid hold of the latch he as suddenly turned and strode back to the maid.

"Has he ever kissed you?" he demanded, with a savage scowl on his face.

"Never!" impulsively cried the girl, while the color flooded into her cheeks.

"Bless him for a cold-blooded icicle," joyfully exclaimed the officer, and before Janice could realize his intention she was caught in his arms and fervently kissed. The next moment a door slammed, and he was gone, leaving the girl leaning for very want of breath against the chimney side, with redder cheeks than ever.

The color still lingered the next morning to such an extent that it was commented upon by both her par-

ents. For the next few hours cold and hunger and disease were not in evidence, however, and it took little persuasion from the squire, who dearly loved jovial company, to induce the visitors to stay on to tea, and then to supper.

While they were enjoying the latter the interruption Janice had expected came at last. In the midst of the cheer, the hall door was swung back so quietly that no one observed it, and only when he who opened it spoke did those at table realize the new arrival. Then the sight of the blue uniform with buff facings brought every officer to his feet.

"I grieve to intrude upon so mirthful a company," apologized the new arrival, bowing. "But knowing of the unstinted hospitality of Greenwood, I made bold, Mrs. Meredith, to tell a friend that we could scarce fail of a welcome." Brereton turned to say, "This way, Harry, after thou'st hung thy cloak and hat," and entered the room.

"Odds my life!" burst out the baronet, as the second interloper, garbed in Continental dragon uniform, entered, and bowed respectfully to the company. "What's to pay here?"

"But nay," went on Brereton. "I see your table is already filled, so we'll not inconvenience you by our intrusion. Perhaps, however, Miss Janice will fill us each a glass from yon bowl of punch. 'Tis a long ride to Morristown, and a stirrup cup will not be amiss. Yet stay again. Let me first puff off my friend to you. Ladies and gentlemen, Captain Henry Lee, better known as Light Horse Harry."

"May I perish, but this impudence passes belief!" gasped one of the officers. "Dost think thou'rt not prisoners?"

"Ho, Jack! I told thee thy hare-brainedness and love of adventure would get us into the suds yet," spoke up Lee. "Then the ninety light horse whom we left surrounding the house are thy troops?" he questioned, laughingly, of the four officers.

"Devil pick thy bones, the two of you!" swore



“GOOD-

THE SPRING EXODUS TO EUROPE BEGINS IN MAY, AND THE HURRICANE DEC
WITH SUMMER VOYAGERS WAVING

MR. A. R. WENZELL, THE FAMOUS ILLUSTRATOR OF AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE, SAILED FOR EUROPE ON APRIL 26. WHILE ABROAD HE WILL DEPICT FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY THE BRILLIANT EVENTS OF THE LONDON AND PARIS SEASON, SUCH AS THE ASCOT RACES, THE HENLEY REGATTA, THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM, THE GRAND PRIX, ETC. THIS EXQUISITE SERIES OF DRAWINGS WILL FORM AN IMPORTANT SUMMER FEATURE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY



OOD-BYE!"

HURRICANE DECK OF THE TRANSATLANTIC LINER AS SHE PULLS INTO MIDSTREAM IS GAY
PASSENGERS WAVING THEIR FRIENDS FAREWELL

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY

A. B. WENZELL

Mobray. "Wast not enough that we should be so confoundedly gapped, but you must come with the bowl but half emptied. Hast thou no bowels for gentlemen and fellow-officers?"

"Push!" quizzed Brereton. "Pick up the bowl and down with it at a gulp, Fred. Never let it be said that an officer of the Welsh Fusiliers made bones of a half-full—!" There the speaker caught himself short, and suddenly turned his back on the table.

"Whom have we here?" demanded the baronet. "By Heavens, man, who'd think— Does Sir William know of—?"

"Scdeath!" cried Jack, facing about, and meeting the questioner eye to eye. "Canst not hold thy tongue, man?" Then he went on, less excitedly: "I am Lieutenant Colonel John Brereton, aide-de-camp to his Excellency General Washington."

For a moment Sir Frederick stood speechless, then he held out his hand, saying: "And a good fellow, I doubt not, despite a bad trade. Fair lady," he continued after the handshake, "since we are doomed for the moment to be captives of some one other than thee, help to cheer us in the exchange by filling us each a parting glass. Come, changeling, canst give us one of thy old-time toasts?"

Brereton laughed, as he took a glass from the girl. "Tis hardly possible, with ladies present, to fit thy taste, Fred. However, here goes: Honor, fame, love, and wealth may desert us, but thirst is eternal."

"Even in captivity, thank a kind providence," ejaculated one of the officers, as he set down his drained tumbler.

"Now, gentlemen, boots and saddles, an' it please you," suggested Lee politely.

"Thee'll not force a wounded man to take such exposure," protested Mrs. Meredith. "Lieutenant Hentton—"

Brereton carried on the speech: "Can drink punch, and study *divinity*. I'll warrant he's not so near to death's door but he can bear one-half the ride of our poor starved troopers and beasts."

"Farewell, Miss Janice," groaned the baronet, "twas thy beauty baited this trap."

Jack lingered a moment after Lee and the prisoners had passed into the hallway.

"Can I have a moment's word with you apart, Miss Meredith?" he asked.

"Most certainly not," spoke up the squire, recovering from the dizziness into which the rapid occurrences

of the last three minutes had reduced him. "If ye have aught to say to my lass out with it here."

"Tis—'tis just a word of farewell."

"I like not thy farewells," said Janice, coloring.

"For once we agree, Miss Janice," replied the officer boldly, "and did it rest with me, there should never be another." He bowed, and went to the door. "Mr. Meredith," he said, "I've stolen a husband from your daughter. 'Tis a debt I am ready to pay on demand."

XXX

BLACK AND WHITE

HOW MUCH the squire would have grieved over the capture of his almost son-in-law was never known, for events gave him no opportunity. Spring was now come, and with it the breaking up of winter quarters. The moment the roads were passable, the garrison of Brunswick, under the command of Cornwallis, marched up the Raritan to Bound Brook, forcing back into the Jersey hills a detachment of the Continental army. In turn Washington's whole force was moved to the support of his advance, but the British had fallen back once more to their old position. Early in June, Howe himself arrived at Brunswick, bringing with him heavy reinforcements, and first threatened a movement toward the Delaware, hoping to draw Washington from his position; but the latter, surmising that his opponent would never dare to jeopardize his communications, was not to be deceived. Disappointed in this, the British faced about quickly, and tried to surprise the Americans by a quick march upon their encampment, only to find them posted along a strong piece of ground, fully prepared for a conflict. Although the British outnumbered the Continentals almost twice over, the deadly shooting of the latter had been so often experienced that Howe dared not assault their position, and after a few days of futile waiting, his force once more fell back on Brunswick, crossed the Raritan to Amboy, and then were ferried across to Staten Island. Washington, by holding his force in a menacing position, without either marching or attacking, had saved not merely his army, but Philadelphia as well, and Howe learned that if the capital was to be captured it could not be by the direct march of his army across the Jerseys, but must be by the far slower way of conveying it by ships to the southward.

Before the campaign opened, Mr. Meredith had been loud and frequent in complaints over his lack of stock and labor with which to cultivate his farm. Had he

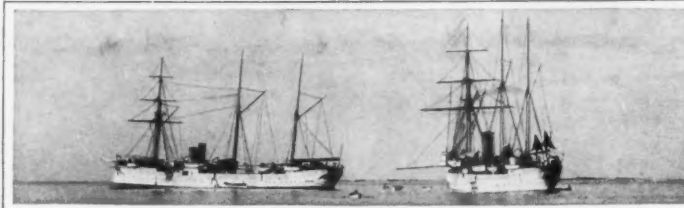
been better situated, however, it is probable that his groans would have been multiplied fivefold, for he would have seen whatever he did rendered useless by this march and counter-march of belligerents. Thrice the tide of war rolled over Greenwood, and though there was not so much as a skirmish within hearing of the homestead, the effects were almost as serious to him and to his tenantry. When the British finally evacuated the Jerseys, scarce a fence was to be found standing in Middlesex County, having in the two months' manœuvring been taken for camp-fires, and the frames of many an outbuilding had been used for similar purposes.

The depleted larders of Greenwood, together with the small prospect of replenishing them from his own farm, drove the squire to the necessity of pressing his tenants for the half-yearly rentals. Whatever his needs, the attempt to collect them was thoroughly unwise; Mr. Meredith, as a fact, being in better fortune than many of his tenants, for they had seen their young crops ridden over, or used as pasture, by the cavalry of both sides, and were therefore not merely without means of paying rent, but were faced by actual want for their own families. The surliness or threats with which the squire's demands were met should have proven to him their impolicy; but if to the simple-minded master of Greenwood a debt was a debt and only a debt, he was quickly to learn that there are various ways of payment. No sooner had the Continental army followed Howe across the Raritan, and thus left the country-side to the government, or lack of government, of its own people, than the tenants united in a movement designed to secure what might legally be termed a stay of proceedings, and which possessed the unlegal advantage of being at once speedy and effective.

One night in July the deep sleep of the squire was interrupted by a heavy hand being laid on his shoulder, and ere he could blink himself into effective eyesight, he was none too politely informed by the spokesman of four masked men who had intruded into his conjugal chamber that he was wanted below. While still dazed, the squire was pulled, rather than helped, out of bed, and Mrs. Meredith, who tried to help him resist, was knocked senseless on the floor. Down the stairs and out of the house he was dragged, his progress being encouraged by such cheering remarks as, "We'll teach you what Toryism comes ter." "Where's them tools of old George you've been a-feeding, now?" "Want your rents, do you? Well, pay day's come."

(Continued on page 17)

SAMOA—THE ISLANDS AND THE PEOPLE



German cruiser Falke

German cruiser Buzzard

RECENT EVENTS have lent an importance to the little island group of Samoa in the distant waters of the South Pacific which many people may look upon as wholly disproportioned to their value either present or prospective. There is, no doubt, a good deal to be said for this view of the case, as the islands are very limited in extent, and so far as America is concerned, can never be of any very great commercial importance, except as a convenient coaling station and port of call on the trade route—destined hereafter to be second to few in importance—between this country and Australia. The islands, indeed, take rank only among the smaller groups of the Southern Pacific, and their native inhabitants, who were never very numerous, have steadily declined in numbers since they have been brought into contact with Europeans.

The islands of Samoa are practically three in number, as, in spite of the fact that there are a good many smaller islets, none of these are more than a few hundred acres in extent. Of the three islands, the most northern—known as Savai—is considerably the largest; Upolu, the central, is also the most fertile, and by far the most populous; while Tutuila, the most southerly, is scarcely one-third the size of Upolu, and consists entirely of a mountainous ridge, descending on both sides abruptly to the sea. Of the three islands Savai possesses no harbor of even the smallest value for commerce; Upolu contains the harbor of Apia, which is available in ordinary weather, but, as experience has shown, is dangerous in the hurricane season; and Tutuila possesses the excellent land-locked harbor of Pago-Pago, which has unfortunately no level land whatever in its neighborhood. Upolu is the most populous of the group, containing nearly two-thirds of the natives, while it is estimated that there are about twelve thousand in Savai, and nearly four thousand in Tutuila.

Like all, or nearly all, the islands scattered over the Southern Pacific, the Samoan group is of recent volcanic origin; indeed the existence of an active volcano in Savai is responsible for its smaller population, nearly the whole of the central district being rendered uninhabitable owing to the deposits of lava and ashes. There is no appearance of any active volcanic agency at present on either of the other islands, though ample evidence exists that such agencies were responsible for their formation. The result has been to produce islands that are wholly unsurpassed for romantic beauty, and

almost unequalled for their fertility. For the most part they are covered with thickets of tropical plants and bushes, out of which grow palms, nutmegs, and other tropical trees, hardly close enough together to be called a forest, but sufficiently near to afford much shade, and to give a singularly beautiful effect to the landscape. Each of the islands is surrounded by a barrier reef of coral, which is only divided at one or two points, at which alone it is possible to approach the

shore within a distance of from half to a quarter of a mile.

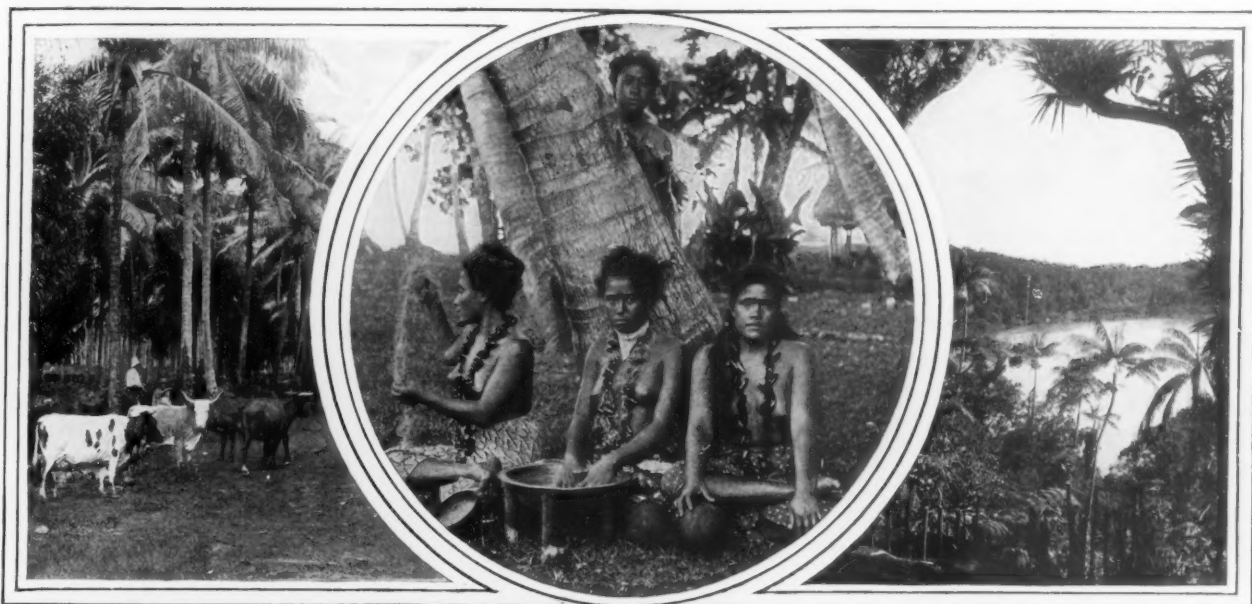
The European township of Apia is situated on a bay on the eastern coast of Upolu, and not very far from the centre of the island, which at the place is about twenty miles wide. The harbor is formed by a natural breach in the coral reef about two hundred yards wide, which supplies a deep-water entrance to the bay, which is protected from the ocean swell, but in no degree from the wind, by the reef—a belt of white coral rock several yards wide, and rising at low water perhaps four feet above the water. The greater part of the harbor, which is about two miles long, is too shallow for large ships, which are practically confined to the middle and the southern end, close to the reef known as the man-of-war anchorage. The township consists of little more than a single street of somewhat scattered houses, stores, and hotels, following the shore of the bay for about a mile. At the northern end it terminates in the stores and buildings of the German Company, the German consulate, and a few small German stores; at the southern end are the American consulate, and beyond it, at the point of the bay, that of Great Britain. The extreme northern point of the bay is known as Mulinu Point; and since the establishment of a king it has been recognized as the seat of the royal government.

There are few prettier tropical townships than that of Apia, owing to its silvery beach of coral sand, shaded by coconut palms, the calm waters of its bay flashing in the sunshine in front, and the fringe of houses embowered in tropical trees forming a middle background, while a succession of broken hills close it in behind, rising from twelve to fifteen hundred feet above the sea. At the foot of one of these hills stands the house built, for his own residence, by the late R. L. Stevenson, the novelist, and his grave and monument are at the top, on a level spot overlooking the bay. A singularly romantic road leads through the little valley in which Stevenson's house stands inland toward the centre of the island, where the lake, filling the basin of an extinct crater, affords an excellent example both of the scenery and vegetation of the island.

There are perhaps no finer specimens of the true Polynesian race than the Samoan natives, both in physique and general intelligence. Both men and women are tall, powerful, and finely proportioned. The girls when young are generally pretty, and nearly



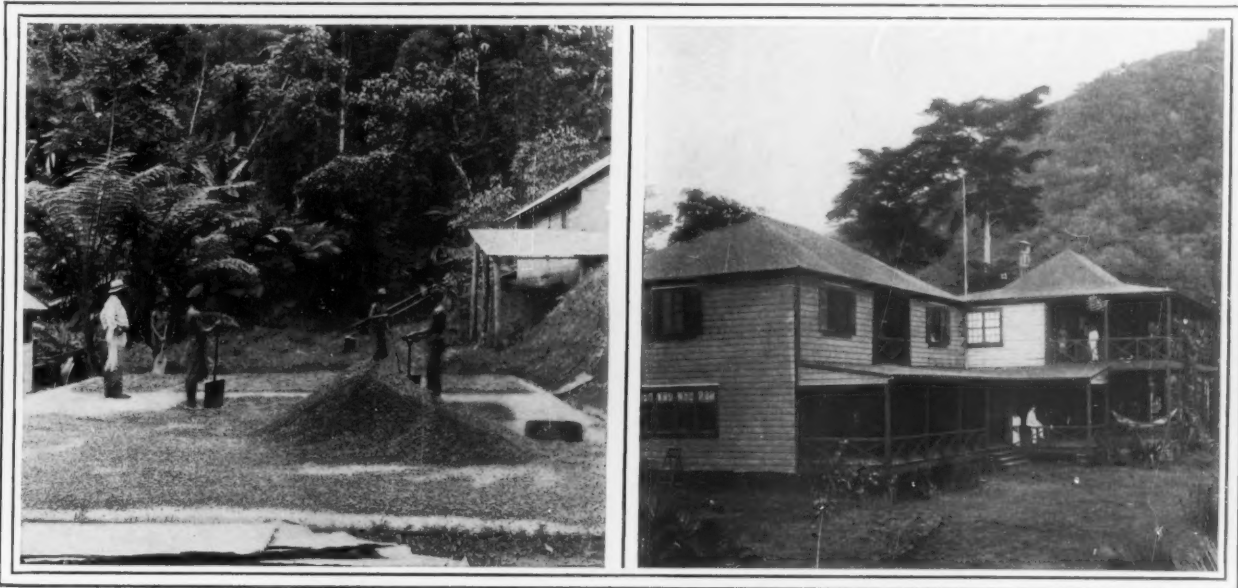
LIEUTENANT PHILIP LANSDALE.
Late of United States Cruiser Philadelphia, the officer who, with Lieutenant Freeman, Ensign Monaghan and four sailors of the Philadelphia and H.B.M. Cruiser Tauranga, met his death in a Samoan ambush, near Apia.



VAILELE PLANTATION—SCENE OF AMBUSH

SAMOAN GIRLS MAKING KAVA

CENTRAL LAKE IN THE ISLAND OF UPOLU



MAKING COFFEE ON VAILELE PLANTATION, KNOWN ALSO AS THE GERMAN PLANTATION

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HOME (LATELY SACKED BY MATAAFANS), AT THE FOOT OF HIS MOUNTAIN GRAVE

THE CRISIS IN SAMOA—VIEWS IN AND AROUND APIA

always handsome in figure, and even the singular golden-brown tint of their complexion is considered by many rather to increase than detract from their charms. Fortunately for the women very little manual labor is required to supply food in Samoa, as what there is to do falls generally to their share. This consists mainly in planting sweet potatoes, yams, and taro—the great water lily of the Pacific—the root of which forms one leading article of consumption; and also in preparing the ripe coconut for drying in the sun, and so producing the "copra" of commerce. In this latter task they are assisted by the boys and lads, the men reserving themselves for the more important pursuits of war. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the Samoan is quarrelsome; on the contrary, in his original condition, before civilization undertook to improve him, fighting was comparatively rare, and was usually confined to the occasion of the accession of a successor to the High Chief of one or other of the islands. It is indeed much more than doubtful whether outside interference has in any way improved the native condition of Samoa; and it may be questioned whether the thin veneer of either Christianity or civilization has not been dearly purchased by new vices, and disturbed conditions, which were unknown in the good old times.

Samoa will never form any considerable centre of trade. At present Apia is used by the German Company as an entrepot for their island trade in copra, and the same company has also made some experiments in the cultivation of coffee, tobacco, and spices, on what is known as the German plantation, where the recent attack was made on the American and British sailors. It should be remembered, however, that, as respects general trade, and even cultivation by individuals, the settlers of American and British nationality have much larger interests in Samoa than Germany. It is true that there are nearly four hundred Germans, scarcely

three hundred British subjects, and hardly two hundred American citizens in the group; but while nearly all the Germans are servants of the foreign company, and more or less temporary residents, the men of the other two nationalities are in the true sense of the word settlers in the islands.

The contest which has assumed so acute a shape of late is no new thing. Ever since Godeffroy & Co., the predecessors of the present Berlin company, chose Apia as the most suitable place for a central collecting depot for the island produce obtained from a number of groups, they aspired to the ownership of the islands of Samoa. The fact of there being an English mission and a few British residents was the first obstacle, which was afterward accentuated by an influx of Americans, and this has always been regarded as a poaching on the German preserves. To this undoubtedly is owing the present conflict; and it is to the essential bitterness of feeling which has always existed between the representatives of the company and the settlers of other nationalities, and which, it is safe to say, will continue to exist as long as the triple protectorate continues, that the secret acts of hostility on the part of German subjects are to be attributed.

H. H. LUSK.

THE LAST LETTER OF LIEUTENANT PHILIP LANSDALE, WRITTEN ON SHIPBOARD AND AT APIA

(See portrait on opposite page)

"I found myself in Honolulu acting as executive officer of the U.S.S. Philadelphia, taking on board one thousand tons of coal and enlisting new men, of whom we needed quite a number, and of receiving provisions and water for a voyage of two thousand two hundred and seventy miles to Samoa. Ensign Craven, a very nice fellow, was transferred from the collier Scindia to make up the necessary number of officers.

So on 'Washington's Birthday' we steamed out of Honolulu, heading for the equator. On this, the fourth day out, I am still waiting for the troubles which I thought would at once overtake me. I am up at 6.15 A.M. After a walk about the decks, to see that the work is progressing properly, I take my bath and breakfast, then relieve the officer of the deck, as a matter of convenience to him, until 8.15, when there is a numberless quantity of little details to be looked after until drill time, at 9.30. The minor duties of an executive on shipboard resemble those of a hotel manager, and of a housekeeper. The P.M. drills end about dark, at 8 P.M. I report to the captain that every department of the ship is secure, and shortly after 9 I turn in, thoroughly fatigued. This is the loneliest ocean I ever sailed over, not a bird nor any sign of life does one see, barring a few flying fishes. Just now we are opposite Palmyra and Washington Islands, two little specks about half-way to the Navigators' or Samoan Islands.

"Yesterday I dwelt upon the loneliness of this ocean: to-day five birds are following us. One was so tame that it alighted upon Monaghan's hand when he held it out. Afterward it took a rest on a rope two feet over the head of one of the men, complacently pluming itself. A captain of one of the steamers plying between Honolulu and Australia is quoted as saying that he had seen but one sail in these waters in a six years' experience.

"I landed at Apia on the night of the 15th, taking possession of this, the German end of the town. On the 22d, while out in company with the English, escorting a woman to her house, we encountered the enemy. One of my squads, while scouting in advance of the Gardner gun, fired at about twenty of them. We then took up a position at a cross-road and were joined by one hundred friendlies, who drew the fire of the others, and we wound up the machine-gun."

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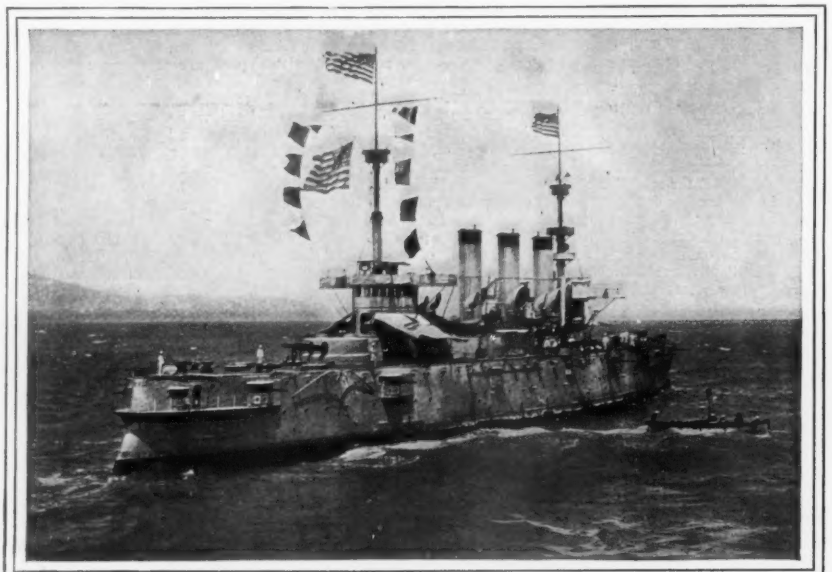
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"STOP FIRING!"
The Flagship New York Signalling to the American Ships After the Destruction of Cervera's Fleet, Off Santiago, July 3, 1898

JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 14)

On the lawn were a number of men similarly masked, grouped about a fire over which was already suspended the tell-tale pot. To this the squire was carried, his night-shirt roughly torn from his back, and while two held him, a coating of the hot tar was generously applied with a broom, amid screams of pain from the unfortunate, echoed in no minor key by Janice and the slave servants, all of whom had been wakened by the hubbub. Meantime, one of the law-breakers had returned to the house, and now reappeared with Mrs. Meredith's best feather-bed, which was hastily slashed open with knives, and the squire ignominiously rolled in the feathers, transforming that worthy at once to an appearance akin to an ill-plucked fowl of mammoth proportions.

Although, as already noted, the fences had disappeared from the face of the land, with the same timeliness which had been shown in the production of the mattress a rail was now introduced upon the scene, and the miserable object having been hoisted thereon, four men lifted it to their shoulders. A slight delay ensued while the squire's ankles were tied together, and then, with the warning to him that, "If yer don't sit right and hold tight, yer'll enjoy yer ride with yer head down and yer toes up," the men started off at a trot down the road. Sharing the burden by turns, the squire was carried to Brunswick, where, daylight having come, he was borne triumphantly twice round the green, amid hoots and yells from a steadily growing procession, and then was finally ferried across the river and dumped on the opposite bank with the warning from the spokesman that worse would come to him if he so much as dared show his face again within the county.

Lack of apparel and an endeavor to revive Mrs. Meredith had kept Janice within doors during the actual tarring and feathering, but so soon as the persecutors set off for Brunswick, the girl left her now conscious though still dizzy mother, hastily dressed, and started in pursuit, the alarm for her father quite overcoming her dread of the masked rioters. Try her best, they had too long a start to be overtaken, and when she reached the village it was to learn from a woman to whom she appealed for information what Mr. Meredith's fate had been. Still suffering the keenest anxiety, the girl went to the ferryman's house, and begged to be rowed across the river, but he shook his head.

"Cap' Bagby's assomed command, ontill we gets resotilled, an' his orders wuz thet no one wuz ter be ferried unless they hez a pass; so, ef ye're set on followin' yer dad, it's him yer must see. I guess he ain't far from the tavern."

This proved a correct inference, for Joe, glass in hand, was sitting on a bench near the doorway, watching and quizzing the publican as that weather-cock labored to unscrew the rings which suspended his sign in the air.

"Whose name are you going to paint in this time, Si?" he questioned, as the girl came within hearing.

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The tavern-keeper, having freed the sign-board from the support, descended with it. "This 'ere tavern's got ter get along without no sign," he said, as he mopped his brow. "I'm just wore out talkin' first on one side o' my mouth, and next on t'other."

"You ain't tired, I guess, of lining first one pocket and then the other?" surmised Bagby. "Tain't fer you to throw that in my teeth," retorted the publican. "It's little money o' yours has got inter my pocket, Joe, often as yer treat yerself and the rest."

Janice went up to the captain. "Mr. Bagby, I want to go across the river to my father, and"—so far she spoke steadily her head held proudly erect, but then, worn out with the anxiety, the fatigue, and the heat, her self-control suddenly deserted and she collapsed on the bench and began to sob.

"Now, miss," expostulated Bagby, "there isn't any call to take on so." He took the girl's hand in his own. "Here, take some of my swizzle. 'Twill set you right up."

Before the words had passed his lips, Janice had jerked her hand away and was on her feet. "Don't you dare touch me," she said, her eyes flashing.

"I was only trying to comfort you," asserted Joe, while the tavern loungers gave vent to various degrees of laughter.

"Then let me go to my father," said Bagby, angrily. "He's shown himself inimical to his country, and we mustn't on no account allow communications with the enemy. That's the rule as laid down in the general orders, and in a Congress resolution."

Bagby's voice, quite as much as his words, told the girl that argument was useless, and without further parley she walked away. She had not gone ten paces when the publican overtook her and asked:

"Say, miss, where be you a-goin'?"

"Home," answered Janice.

"Then you come back and rest a bit in the settin' room, and I'll have my boy hitch up an' take you thar. 'Tis a mortal warm day, an' I calkulate you've walked your stent." He put his hand kindly on her arm, and the girl obediently turned about and entered the tavern.

"You are very kind," she said, huskily. "That's all right," he replied. "The squire's done me a turn now and agin, and then quality's quality, though 'tain't for the moment havin' its way."

While she awaited the harnessing, Bagby came into the room.

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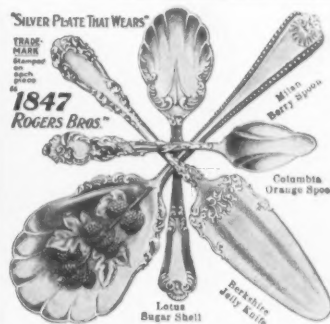
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victims during the winter. Under his advice, and without hindrance from the innkeeper, who took good care to forget that he was to "keep tight hold on the prisoners till the General sends for 'em," she was removed to quieter lodgings on Chestnut Street.

The nursing, the anxiety, and the isolation all served to make public events of no moment to Janice, though from the doctor or her loquacious landlady she heard of how Burgoyne's force, advancing from Canada, had captured Ticonderoga, and of how Sir William had put the flower of his army on board of transports and gone to sea, his destination thus becoming a sort of national conundrum affording infinite opportunity for the wisecracks of the taverns.

Mrs. Meredith, for the sake of the quiet, had been put in the back room, the daughter taking that on the street, and this arrangement, as it proved, was a fortunate one. Late in August, after a hard all-night's tending of her mother, Janice was relieved, once the sun was up, by the daughter of the lodging-house keeper, and wearily sought her chamber, with nothing but sleep in her thoughts, if thoughts she had at all, for, too exhausted to undress, she threw herself upon the bed. Scarcely was her head resting on the pillow when there came from down the street the rattle of drums and the squeaks of fife, and half in fright, and half in curiosity, the girl sprang up and pushed open her blinds.

Toward the river she could see what looked like an approaching mob, but behind them could be distinguished horsemen. As she stood the rabble ran, or pattered, or keeping step to the music, marched by, followed by a drum-and-life corps. After them came the horsemen, and the girl's tired eyes suddenly sparkled, and her pale face glowed, as she recognized, pre-eminent among them, the tall, soldierly figure of Washington, sitting Blue-skin with such ease, grace and dignity. He was talking to an odd, foreign-looking officer of extremely youthful appearance—whom, if Janice had been better in touch with the gossip of the day, she would have known to be the Marquis de Lafayette, just appointed by Congress a major-general—and though the commander-in-chief bowed, and removed his hat in response to the cheers of the people, this absorption prevented him from seeing the girl, though she leaned far out of the window in the hope that he would do so. To the lonely, worried maid it seemed as if one glance of the kindly blue eyes, and one sympathetic grasp of the large, firm hand, would have cut her troubles in half.

After the group of officers came the rank and file—lines of men no two of whom were dressed alike, many of them without coats, and some without shoes—old uniforms faded or soiled to a scarcely recognizable point, civilian clothing of all types, but with the hunting-shirt of linen or leather as the predominant garb; and equipped with every kind of gun, from the old Queen Anne musket which had seen service in Marlborough's day to the pea rifle of the frontiersman. A faint attempt to give an appearance of uniformity had been made by each man sticking a sprig of green leaves in his hat, yet had it not been for the guns, cartridge boxes, powder horns, and an occasional bayonet and canteen, only the regimental order, none too well maintained, differentiated the army from the mob which had preceded them.

While yet the girl gazed wistfully after the familiar figure, her ears were greeted with a still more familiar voice.

"Close up there, and dress your lines, Captain Balch. If this is your 'Column in parade,' what, in Heaven's name, is your 'March at ease?'" shouted Brereton, cantering along the column from the rear.

He caught sight of Janice as he rode up, and an exclamation of mingled surprise and pleasure burst from him. Throwing his bridle over a post, he sprang up the three steps, lustily hammered with the knocker, and in another moment was in the girl's presence.

"This is luck beyond belief," he exclaimed, as he seized her hand. "Your father wrote me from New York, begging that I see or send you word, that he was well, and asking that you be permitted to join him. At Brunswick I learned you were here, but, seek you as I might, I could not get wind of your whereabouts. And now I cannot bide to aid you, for we are in full march to meet the British."

"Where?"

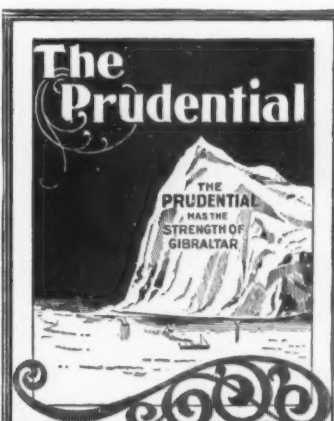
"They have landed at the head of the Chesapeake, so we are hastening to get between them and Philadelphia, and only diverged from our route to parade through the streets this morning, that the people might have a chance to see us, so 'tis given out, but in fact to overawe them; for the city is none too loyal to us, as will be shown in a few days, when they hear of our defeat."

"You mean?" questioned the girl.

"We are marching eleven thousand ill-armed and worse officered men, mostly new levies, to face on open ground nineteen thousand picked troops. What can come but defeat in the field? If it depended on us, the cause would be as good as ended, but they are beaten, thanks to their dirty politics, before they even face us."

"I don't understand."

"'Tis simple enough when one knows the



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under-currents. Germaine was against appointing the Howes, and has always hated them. So he schemes this silly side movement of Burgoyne's from Canada, and plans that the army at New York shall be but an assistant to that enterprise, with no share in its glory. Sir William, however, sloth though he be, saw through it, and, declining to be made a cat's paw, he gets aboard ship, to seek laurels for himself, leaving Burgoyne to march and fight through his wilderness alone. Mark me, the British may capture Philadelphia, but if we can but keep them busy till it is too late to succor Burgoyne, the winter will see them the losers and not the gainers by the campaign. But there," he added, "I forget that all this can have but small interest to you."

"Oh," cried Janice, "you wouldn't say that if you knew how good it is just to hear a friend's voice." And then she poured out the tale of her mother's illness and of her own ordeal.

"Would that I could tarry here and serve and save you," groaned Brereton, when she had ended; "but perhaps luck will attend us, and I may be able to hurry back. Have you money in plenty?"

The girl faltered, for in truth there had been little cash at Greenwood when they were called upon to come away, and much of that little was already parted with for lodgings and medicines. Yet she managed to nod her head.

Her pretence did not deceive Jack, and in an instant his purse was being forced into her unwilling fingers. "The fall in our paper money gives a lieutenant-colonel a lean scrip in these days, but what little I have is yours," he said.

"I can't take it," protested Janice, trying to return the wallet.

Brereton was at the door ere her hand was outstretched. "Thy father's letters to me are in the purse, so you must keep it," he urged.

"It's a toss whether I ever need money again, but if I weather this campaign, we'll consider it but a loan, and if I don't, 'tis the use of all others to which I should wish it put." This he said seriously, and then more lightly went on: "And besides, Miss Janice, I owe you far more than I can ever pay. We Whigs may

forcibly impress, but at least we tender what we can in payment. Keep it, then, as a beggar's poor thanks for the two happiest moments of his life." The aide passed through the doorway, and the next moment a horse's feet clattered in the street.

Janice stood listening to the sound for a moment, then, overcome by this first kindness after such long weeks of harshness and trial, she kissed the purse. And if Brereton could have seen the flush of emotion that swept over her face with the impulsive act, it is likely that something else would have been kissed as well. (To be continued)

LITERATURE

RAGGED LADY. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Bros.

CLEMENTINA is ragged by birth and lady by nature. She becomes a lady by her clothes, when, *parvenu*, good Mrs. Lander adopts her, and takes her away from a ne'er-do-much father. Clementina is sweet and steadfast, also passive and cool. These qualities, and her considerate tenderness for Mrs. Lander—echoed back by the elder lady—are admirably brought into contrast against Gregory's violence. Gregory comes from "where they have the conscience"—Belsky's, the Russian's geographical definition of New England. Gregory is, in effect, the New England Conscience on legs. And what a painful day's work must a conscience have, which, in Gregory's (typical) case, likens a large fish flapping on a little brook. It may be imagined from this young man's impulsive and direct temperament that his struggles are enacted in hot water, besides. But Clementina's origin is also the land "where they have the conscience"; she refuses to marry Gregory, who insists she must coincide with his missionary views: "I would go anywhere and live anyhow for you, but it would be for you; I do not believe that I am religious, and I know that I should not do it for religion." Hinkle thus describes this zealot and man of conscience:

"He said he never read anything that went counter to his faith; and I saw that he didn't want to save me so much as he wanted to convince me. He didn't know it, but I got him to let me drop the subject. He seems to have been left over from a time when people didn't reason about their beliefs, but only argued."

W. D. Howells has proved, on many pages in many volumes, how well he understands the American character. He and Henry James, or Henry James and he—but, really, gentlemen, you are both in excellent company—bear something of the literary relation to social America that James Bryce, M.P., does to political. It is not, however, the Americans and their books alone that have given the author of "Ragged Lady" that great knowledge of his own people. Belsky, the Russian; Lord Lioncourt, English; Mrs. and Miss Mibray, the Venetian *gondolieri* and *lazzaroni*, all figures of "Ragged Lady," told the author things about Mr. and Mrs. Lander, Clementina, her father, Gregory, and the rest of them, which themselves did not see in each other. To know your countrymen, go abroad.

The author has made his company too uniformly conscientious, earnest, crotchety, and good. His desire is to seek righteousness and assure it, and his rectitude and purity of mind are such that he will not allow his art to interfere with their high purpose.

LIONEL STRACHEY.

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"BOB" COOK, SHOWING THE YALE STROKE

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

GOLF
CHAMPION-
SHIP

WHEN the United States Golf Association gave the selection of the links for the national championship into the hands of its executive committee, there were many who looked upon it as a happy solution of a very difficult problem, although such a radical change of policy was not carried without strong opposition. The progressive element which characterizes all American organizations prevailed, and it was decided to give the executive committee a fair trial. It is almost unnecessary to state how keen was the disappointment occasioned by their final decision. Perhaps no one understood how great were the expectations until the selection of a Western club for the second time in two years brought realization home with very unpleasant force. It is somewhat difficult to fathom the reasoning followed by the committee in again selecting such a far-away place for the greatest amateur event of the year, and in view of the fact that there has been almost always two-thirds more Eastern than Western players. There is also an added feeling of injury caused by the selection of a date which will seriously interfere with some of the important home contests. Baltimore for the professional championship is not altogether bad, although the course is new, and lacking in what is growing to be considered fair golfing distances. Philadelphia for the women's event is by far the most reasonable and satisfying selection made.

Colleges that are to support crews in periods when other athletic sports may not be the money-makers that they are to-day will have to face the question of finance. This, as has been said before in this column, is a serious problem for Columbia, and Columbia is rich enough to stand a good deal of a tax. What, then, must it be for other colleges like Wisconsin, who have the expense also of a long journey to bear? It is not impossible that a regatta like some of the old regattas at Saratoga, containing more than a dozen crews, might, by extreme effort, be brought about, but it is more probable that the number of crews in such a regatta would speedily dwindle to Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania. These are not predictions. They are only the plain facts of the case. There is a good deal to be said about Cornell's responsi-

bilities in the rowing world—responsibilities which come from the fact that, more than any other university in the country, Cornell has devoted her energies to boating. Her situation has in a measure led to this, and the knowledge and experience of Courtney has added to it. Cornell has made two trips abroad, neither of



R. C. LEHMAN, COACH OF HARVARD

which proved very satisfactory, the first being especially unfortunate in a way that is practically forgotten now, and need not be resurrected. From a later trip of her crew to Henley in 1895 not much more satisfaction was obtained; but in spite of the views of some, a good deal was brought back of value not only for Cornell's boating interests, but for the boating interests of the other rowing universities in this country. Still more recently Cornell was enabled, through the peculiar circumstances which brought Yale into the Cornell-

Harvard race at Poughkeepsie, to demonstrate the superiority of Cornell rowing to that of Harvard and Yale. Incidentally, it was an especial feather in Cornell's cap that the coaches who stood behind Harvard and Yale at that time were Mr. Lehman, representing the best type of the English school, and Mr. Cook, whose work at Yale had been recognized as that of perhaps the strongest amateur American coach in this country. But even this was not of as great importance as was the fact that it fell to Cornell's province to teach Harvard and Yale the error of the belief that the knowledge of rowing was confined to the two crews that were meeting annually on the Thames at New London. Hence, in spite of Cornell's defeat by Pennsylvania last year, and considering all the circumstances of the number of years that Cornell has had a crew, and a good crew, I am inclined to the belief that the men from Ithaca could afford to still consider themselves in a position of the university that has put the most into rowing of any of our American colleges. I sometimes think that there is a tendency at any university which has developed a particular sport to be unwilling to admit improvements devised by others, or, rather, to be unable to see the effect of these decided changes upon their own methods. But the effect is none the less real, and in a great many cases it is apparent to the outsider, while the insider may sincerely believe that there is no such effect. It seems to me that this is the case with Cornell rowing, and that it will be the case with rowing at other universities. I know there is a tendency to feel an irritation when any one says that such-and-such a university picked up such-and-such points from the Englishmen, or that one university here has now imitated the style of another university. The teachers of the art of rowing, as well as the periodic coaches, are not always candid in their conclusions on these matters. Hence there is an added reason for a desire in the minds of the public (and by this I mean the experienced rowing public) to see more contests rather than a large regatta. Such contests might settle some of the points at issue. For instance, in an article recently published in these columns, certain statements were made regarding the Cornell crew and their rowing methods for the last five years. Comments were also made regarding Professor Wheeler's able article, entitled "America against England in Rowing." This article, naturally, provoked a good deal of criticism, and I have personally heard from and talked with some of our most prominent boating men since the publication of that article, with a



THE YALE VARSITY CREW PUTTING THEIR SHELL OVERBOARD

view, to determining some of the points which were then brought up, and which were in a measure contradictory to the views generally expressed. Some of these expressions I hope to find room to treat of later, but for the present it is enough to say that I am convinced by these many letters and expressions of opinion that further tests of rowing theories are not only advisable, but are of the most vital importance to boating in this country. Hence it is not without very sincere regret that I consider the fact that Cornell, who could probably add to this information more than any other one university, cannot see her way to doing what they have done before, and as one of her representative men, as quoted earlier in this article, said they might do in the case of another Henley trip—namely, put two crews on the water. With two crews on the water, one of them rowing at Poughkeepsie and the other at New London, there would be an opportunity for learning more about our actual progress in rowing than through any other method.

Wisconsin in losing O'Dea lost a very valuable man from their boating interest. Soon after his departure considerable discussion was rife as to the possibility of securing another professional, and both the father of the champion single sculler and Van Vleet of Philadelphia were considered. The Board of Directors finally concluded to uphold the present system of rowing as taught by O'Dea, and the captain of the crew, McConville, was formally appointed head coach.

Wisconsin's financial troubles in the boating line are even worse than those at Columbia, and the saving of the money expended on a coach is no small matter to them. If, however, they come on here, and do as well as they did last year at Saratoga, they will deserve an amount of credit for pluck that could not accrue to any Eastern university. It is very much a question, however, how long such trips can be kept up, and whether they are not certain in the long run to prove disastrous. An occasional contest between widely separated universities brings about added interest, but yearly contests of this kind take too much time, too much money, and too much attention to be either advisable or enduring.

If there is one thing more than another that the professional rowing coach ought to know, and in which he is likely to be superior to the ordinary amateur, it is the rigging of boats and the appointments. Probably there is no one in the country who knows so well how to rig a man in a boat as Courtney of Cornell. On the other hand, Mike Davis is unquestionably the most profile in ideas regarding apparatus, such as rowlocks, etc., of any man of his day. Now, however, comes Ellis Ward to the front on the row question, and it is said that O'Dea is thoroughly convinced that Ward's crew last year were the best ones on the lake. And it is by no means improbable that

Ward may have a chance to make some oars for some of the other crews, if he is willing to do it. All this means that the general knowledge of boating in this country, which was vastly improved by the visits of Yale and Cornell to Henley, is being added to further, and especially in mechanical appliances. The English crews may prefer the old-fashioned thole-pin, but Americans will never go back to such a clumsy device, and it certainly seems as though the swivel rowlock was a real and lasting advance. One may judge how sound such a decision is regarded at Cambridge by their discarding the thole-pin with the departure of Lehman.

Ward is accredited with the following views on courses, and while there may be differences of opinion as to what he has to say on the merits of New London and Poughkeepsie, it is perfectly true that no course can be as absolutely fair as a still-water course. But still-water courses, which are at the same time convenient, are difficult to find, and, furthermore, Saratoga, which was tried last year, although still as far as currents are concerned, showed that it is one of the roughest places that a shell was likely to see, and the men who were knocking about the boat-houses on the Thames at New London, and the men who were doing the same thing on the banks of the lake at Saratoga, could neither boast over the other much in the way of water.

"The Thames course could not be made available for four crews unless it was dredged and the banks cut away for four miles, and that would cost millions of dollars. The only way that four crews could row at all now would be up stream at flood tide, and the boats would have to be started just at the minute the tide was full flood. The slightest delay would put the outside crews at a disadvantage, as the tide begins to ebb quickly along the shores. Even should the eights get away on time, the tide would begin to ebb along the shore before the race was finished. The Thames course is not suitable for more than two crews, and cannot be made so. As for fogs, New London, being near the Sound, is far worse than Poughkeepsie. In the two years Pennsylvania rowed at Poughkeepsie we never once encountered a fog dense enough to prevent us from practicing, while during the two weeks we were at New London in 1897 the fog was so heavy on a half-dozen mornings that the coxswain could not see a boat's length ahead of him. For a river course, the Hudson at Poughkeepsie is the best in America, although in my opinion the only course that is equally fair to any number of crews is a lake where you have still water."

At New Haven the crew is being looked after by Mr. Galladue, assisted by a large number of graduates, who come up from time to time, and each takes his turn. The most likely men in the present showing are Williams, Griswold, Allen, Cross, Brown, Flint, Niedecken, Wickes, and Greenleaf, but there are changes likely at any time.

It is rather early to pick particular weaknesses in a crew, as one cannot expect anything like good form at this season of the year. There are, however, indications that may be sufficient to show what way the wind is likely to blow later in the season, and one of these indications points to the fact in spite of Mr. Galladue's coaching, and he was in his day not only an ideal stroke, but a man who had a firm, sharp catch; his crew has not got it, and if Yale were to meet Cornell that lack would be enough to beat them. Whether the crew can be taught the catch is another matter, and a matter that probably is making its impression upon Mr. Galladue as well as upon the other coaches. Somehow or other it also seems as though Williams was not stroking as well as he was even when he was a freshman. He has lost some of his life and dash, and he certainly does not drive this crew as well as he used to drive his old freshman crew. The only other criticism that it is fair to make at this point is that the men are not a particularly rugged lot in appearance. There are one or two who look as though they would find the June heat reducing them a good deal, and I should say that Captain Allen would find one or two men inclined to be fine when they come to the day of the race. The addition of Brown helps out in this respect.

To one who cares to go back twenty years and study the kaleidoscopic arrangements of leagues and associations among New England colleges, the latest change—namely, that of the attempted league between Dartmouth and Brown—is not surprising.

The plan as presented and tentatively accepted at a mass meeting by Brown provided that the league should go into effect next fall. Brown was to play at Dartmouth during the early part of the football season, and Dartmouth to play at Brown some time in November.

As far as baseball was concerned, it was left as a matter of further consideration whether there should be three or five games.

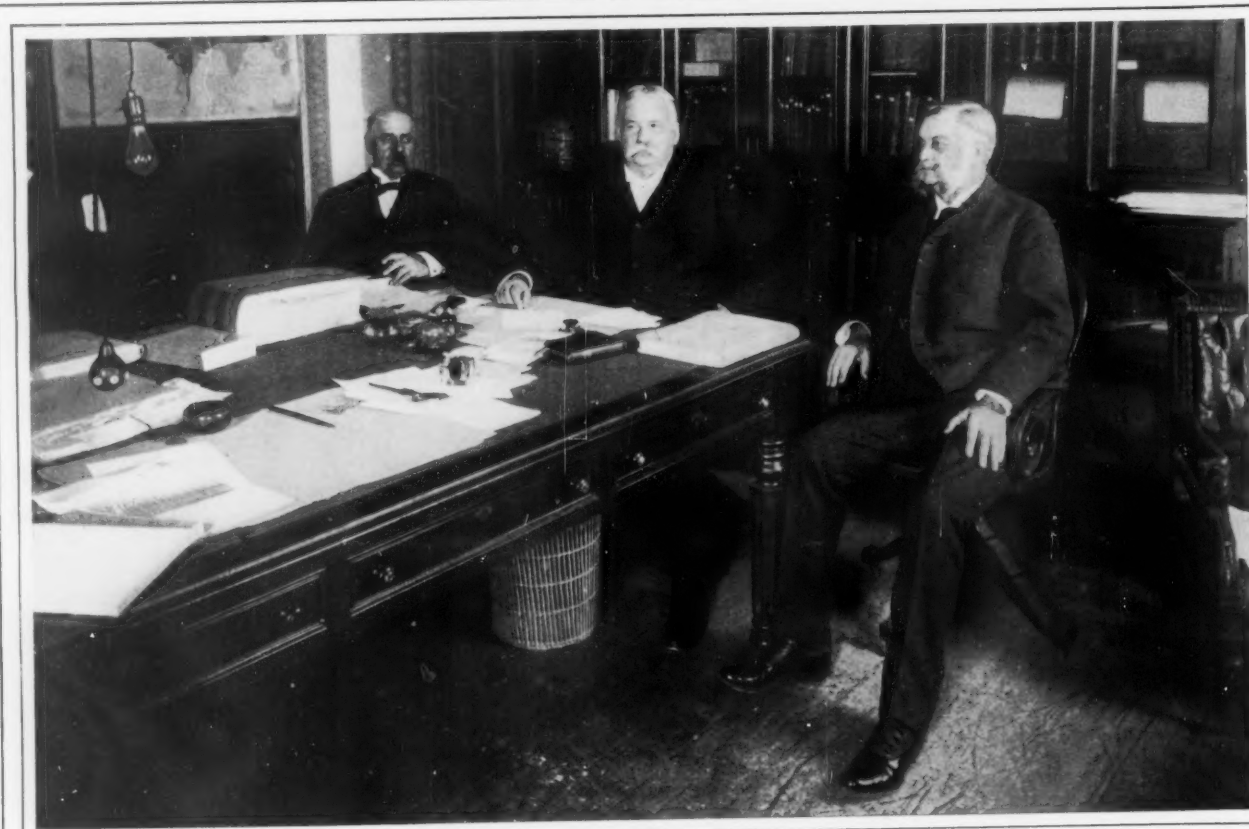
The laws of the league were to contain strict rules of eligibility. There was to be an advisory committee to adjudicate any violation of these rules. Some separate arrangement was also to be made regarding track athletics.

This act, while not consummated, was apparently about to be ratified at a mass meeting at Dartmouth the same night that Brown held her meeting.

With this new league promised the beginning of the end of the old triangular league between Dartmouth, Williams and Amherst, and new connections all along the line.

After apparently getting the new alliance well under way, the kaleidoscope is given another turn, and Brown at a mass meeting decides unanimously to have nothing to do with the Dartmouth connection, and, furthermore, gives voice to the belief that Brown would have nothing to gain by any alliance with an inferior. "So runs the world away."

WALTER CAMP.



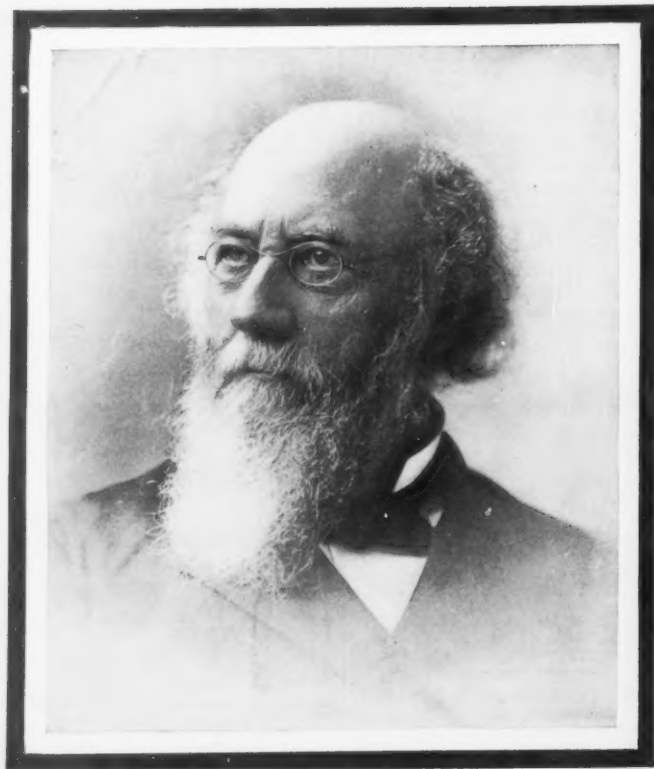
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Paid-Up Capital, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS.	
Real Estate,	\$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in bank,	1,510,990.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,023.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums,	324,597.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,220.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,402,300.00
Total Assets,	\$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	\$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department,	1,399,372.80
Present Value Installment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department, Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	100,000.00
Total Liabilities,	\$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	\$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	\$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force,	\$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	10,087,551.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	1,382,008.92
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	\$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,404,599.75
Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	\$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	\$ 36,996,959.27

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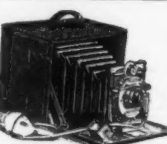
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